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**FIRST
ISSUE**



TM

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXY FUN

**JOHN
WATERS**

OLIVIA

**KATE
WORLEY**

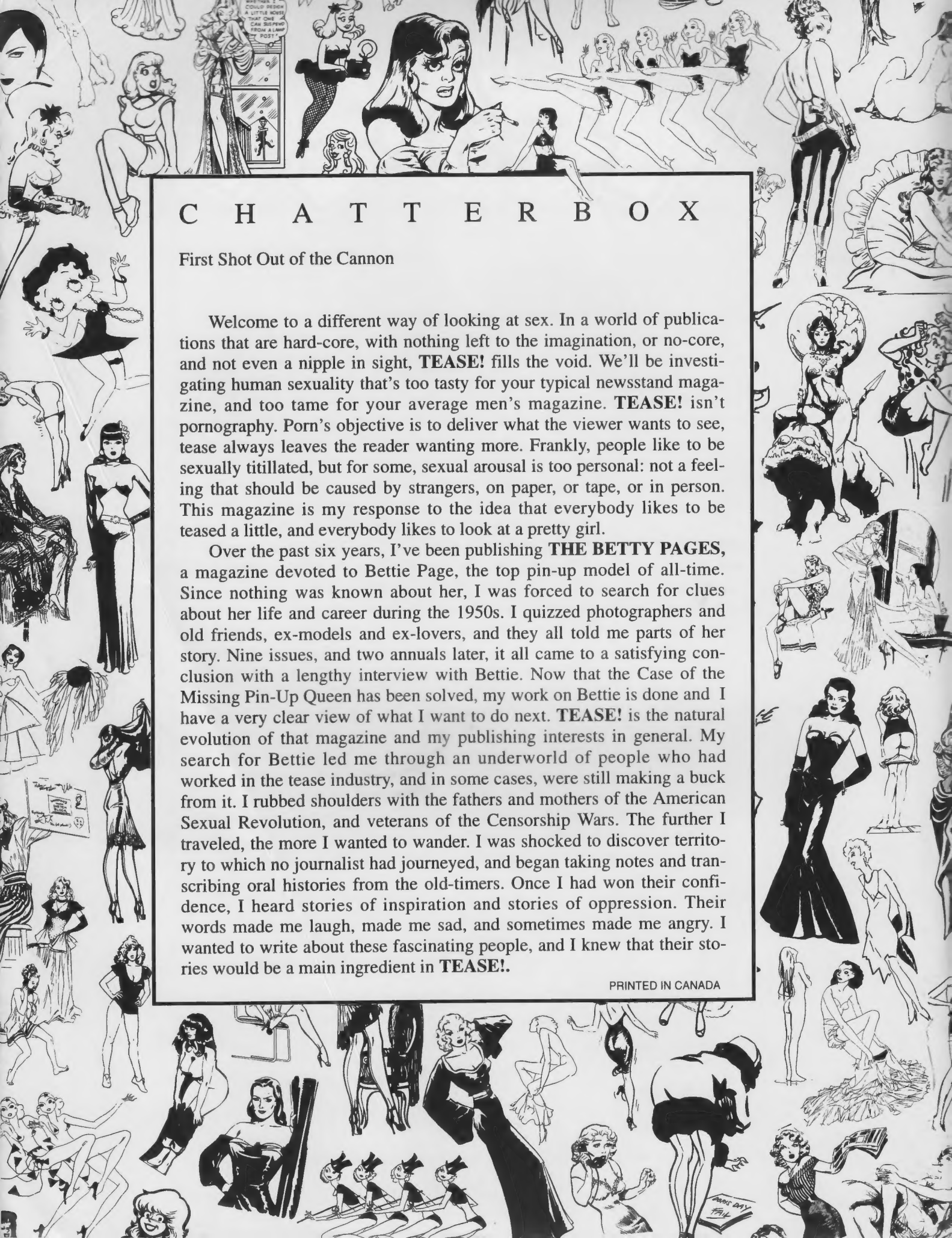
**JOYCE
BALLANTYNE**

**JOHN
KRICFALUSI**



DOG
POUNDS

frederickson



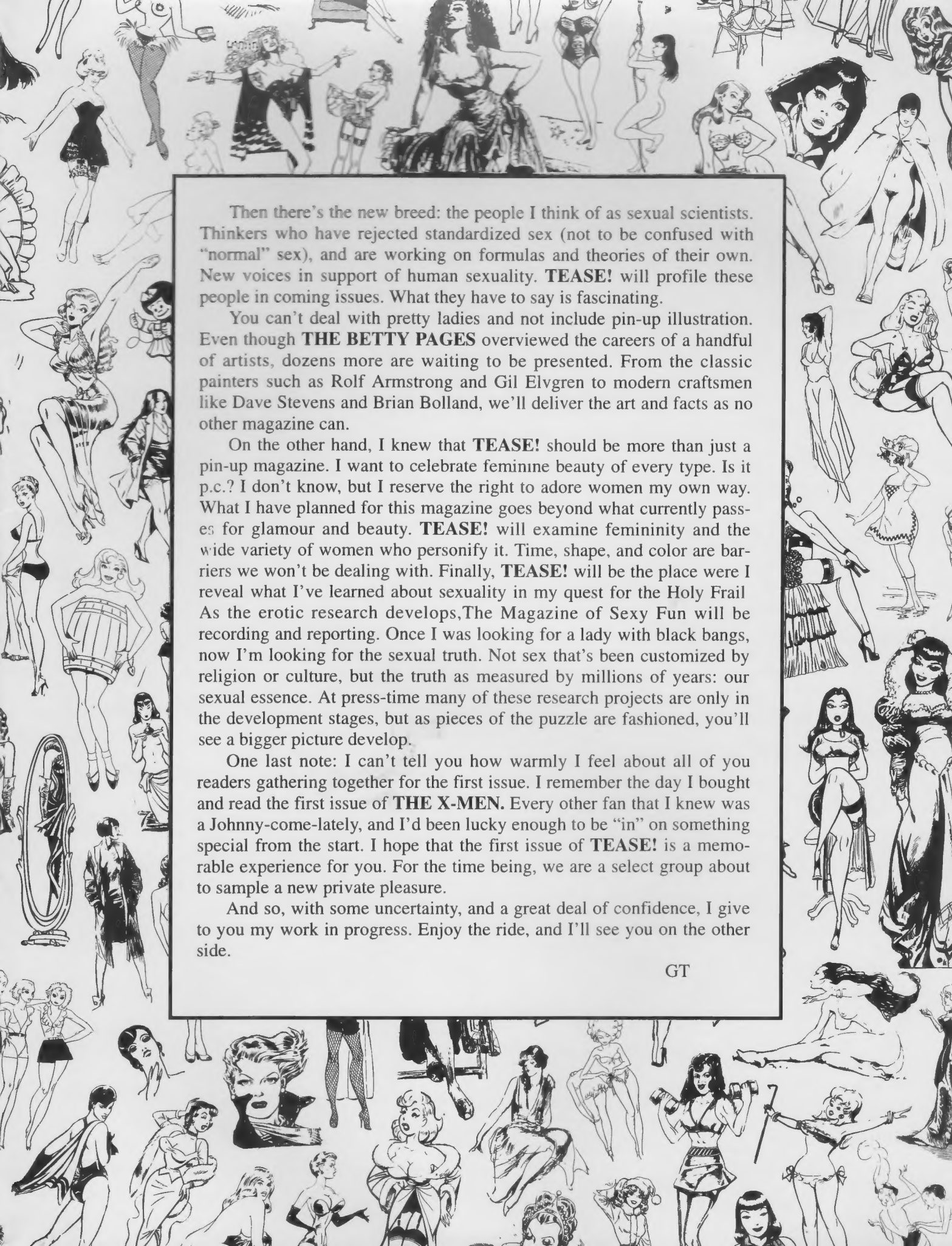
C H A T T E R B O X

First Shot Out of the Cannon

Welcome to a different way of looking at sex. In a world of publications that are hard-core, with nothing left to the imagination, or no-core, and not even a nipple in sight, **TEASE!** fills the void. We'll be investigating human sexuality that's too tasty for your typical newsstand magazine, and too tame for your average men's magazine. **TEASE!** isn't pornography. Porn's objective is to deliver what the viewer wants to see, tease always leaves the reader wanting more. Frankly, people like to be sexually titillated, but for some, sexual arousal is too personal: not a feeling that should be caused by strangers, on paper, or tape, or in person. This magazine is my response to the idea that everybody likes to be teased a little, and everybody likes to look at a pretty girl.

Over the past six years, I've been publishing **THE BETTY PAGES**, a magazine devoted to Bettie Page, the top pin-up model of all-time. Since nothing was known about her, I was forced to search for clues about her life and career during the 1950s. I quizzed photographers and old friends, ex-models and ex-lovers, and they all told me parts of her story. Nine issues, and two annuals later, it all came to a satisfying conclusion with a lengthy interview with Bettie. Now that the Case of the Missing Pin-Up Queen has been solved, my work on Bettie is done and I have a very clear view of what I want to do next. **TEASE!** is the natural evolution of that magazine and my publishing interests in general. My search for Bettie led me through an underworld of people who had worked in the tease industry, and in some cases, were still making a buck from it. I rubbed shoulders with the fathers and mothers of the American Sexual Revolution, and veterans of the Censorship Wars. The further I traveled, the more I wanted to wander. I was shocked to discover territory to which no journalist had journeyed, and began taking notes and transcribing oral histories from the old-timers. Once I had won their confidence, I heard stories of inspiration and stories of oppression. Their words made me laugh, made me sad, and sometimes made me angry. I wanted to write about these fascinating people, and I knew that their stories would be a main ingredient in **TEASE!**.

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Then there's the new breed: the people I think of as sexual scientists. Thinkers who have rejected standardized sex (not to be confused with "normal" sex), and are working on formulas and theories of their own. New voices in support of human sexuality. **TEASE!** will profile these people in coming issues. What they have to say is fascinating.

You can't deal with pretty ladies and not include pin-up illustration. Even though **THE BETTY PAGES** overviewed the careers of a handful of artists, dozens more are waiting to be presented. From the classic painters such as Rolf Armstrong and Gil Elvgren to modern craftsmen like Dave Stevens and Brian Bolland, we'll deliver the art and facts as no other magazine can.

On the other hand, I knew that **TEASE!** should be more than just a pin-up magazine. I want to celebrate feminine beauty of every type. Is it p.c.? I don't know, but I reserve the right to adore women my own way. What I have planned for this magazine goes beyond what currently passes for glamour and beauty. **TEASE!** will examine femininity and the wide variety of women who personify it. Time, shape, and color are barriers we won't be dealing with. Finally, **TEASE!** will be the place where I reveal what I've learned about sexuality in my quest for the Holy Frail. As the erotic research develops, The Magazine of Sexy Fun will be recording and reporting. Once I was looking for a lady with black bangs, now I'm looking for the sexual truth. Not sex that's been customized by religion or culture, but the truth as measured by millions of years: our sexual essence. At press-time many of these research projects are only in the development stages, but as pieces of the puzzle are fashioned, you'll see a bigger picture develop.

One last note: I can't tell you how warmly I feel about all of you readers gathering together for the first issue. I remember the day I bought and read the first issue of **THE X-MEN**. Every other fan that I knew was a Johnny-come-lately, and I'd been lucky enough to be "in" on something special from the start. I hope that the first issue of **TEASE!** is a memorable experience for you. For the time being, we are a select group about to sample a new private pleasure.

And so, with some uncertainty, and a great deal of confidence, I give to you my work in progress. Enjoy the ride, and I'll see you on the other side.

GT



Publisher, Editor,
Designer, and Cover Artist
GREG (Call me Orson) THEAKSTON

Associate Editors
SUSAN BARROWS
MARIANNE OHL PHILLIPS
LISA PETRUCCI

Specialty Photography
ISABEL POLAR

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NOT TO BE SOLD TO MINORS

T E A M W O R K



JOHN WATERS has been directing films since the late 1960s. His best-known movies include **PINK FLAMINGOS**, **FEMALE TROUBLE**, **HAIR-SPRAY**, and **CRY-BABY**. He prefers to film in his home base of Baltimore, a city rich

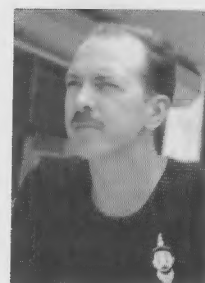
in atmosphere and hundreds of miles from the nearest Hollywood executive.

Waters is also an accomplished writer with two books to his credit: **CRACKPOT** and **SHOCK VALUE**, as well as articles in national magazines.

His latest picture, **SERIAL MOM**, starring Kathleen Turner, goes into release this spring.

GREG THEAKSTON saw his first skin magazines in Detroit during 1962. The nine-year-old vowed, "Someday I'll have all the girlie books I want!" Little did he suspect he'd end up publishing one of his own!

Theakston began his illustration career in 1972, painting for numerous men's magazines. He has also produced hundreds of paperback covers and magazine illustrations. Greg founded Pure Imagination Publishing in 1974 and since that time has maintained a steady output of books that deal with popular entertainment. His **BETTY PAGES** magazine was a cult favorite.



MARIANNE OHL PHILLIPS is a collector and dealer of Pin-Up Art. She is also a tireless researcher of artists related to the field. Her writings and interviews have also appeared in **THE BETTY PAGES** and **TBP ANNUAL**.



LISA PETRUCCI has been curating art shows in numerous galleries in the New York area for the last six years. She is currently pursuing a career in writing articles on popular culture art and the cult arts.



OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS is generally considered to be the top Pin-Up illustrator working today. Her paintings have appeared in dozens of national magazines, as posters and prints, as calendars, on trading cards, and even on CD Rom. Her hardcover collection **LET THEM EAT CHEESECAKE** is in its second printing.

BILL FERET's multiple talents include film and comic book research, writing, and illustration. He authored **WOMEN OF THE TROPIX**, and co-authored Irish McCalla's biography with AC Comics' Bill Black. Bill is a regular contributor to P.I.'s publishing division. He currently resides in Manhattan.



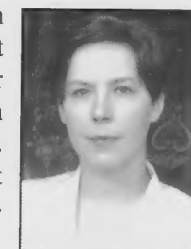
STEVE SULLIVAN is the managing editor of the Land Development Institute, a

Washington D.C. publisher, where he edits and contributes to a monthly newsletter.

Sullivan's forthcoming book is entitled **FEMMES FATALES: THE GOLDEN AGE OF GLAMOUR GIRLS**.

KATE WORLEY is best known for her writing on the acclaimed comic book series **OMAHA, THE CAT DANCER**. These stories have been reissued in several new collections from Kitchen Sink Publishers.

As well as other comic book work, she's written a number of non-fiction pieces on censorship, adult material, and other issues that deal with sexual liberation. Kate is our first **SEXUAL SCIENTIST** contributor.



SUSAN BARROWS was a regular contributor to **THE BETTY PAGES**. She is also Rev. Suzie the Floozie and can be heard on the Church of the SubGenius's weekly radio show **THE HOUR OF SLACK**.

JOHN KRICFALUSI is the Mad Genius of Animation. This "overnight success" has actually been working in the field for the last twenty years. Credits include work on the **MIGHTY MOUSE** TV show, the **BEANY AND CECIL** revival, and of course, **The REN AND STIMPY SHOW**. His latest creations include **THE ATOMIC HOG** and **JIMMY THE IDIOT BOY**.

Kricfalusi owns and operates the Spumco animation studio and is currently developing a **GEORGE LIQUOR** television show for the Fox Syndicate.



FAN MAIL

Send mail to TEASE!, 88 Lexington, Suite 2E, NYC, 10016

Dear Greg,

Many thanks for the **BETTY PAGES ANNUAL V.2**. Good cover art by you, by the way, and, oh, how that woman did photograph! Never lost her innate wholesome freshness, sweet, playful personality, in those 1950s pix, nude or not—every curve a treat—that girl next door sexuality—erotic hips and thighs, legs. A plumpness delicious!

Yup, gorgeously scintillating and seductive—made all the more so because of her playful expressive eyes and smile. A rare mix. The girl you could bring home to meet mom without a murmur of doubt.

We've lost that innocence, sauciness in those 30-40 years of evermore smarmy and nasty-eyed, smirking, otherwise attractive, sexy, young women on-camera, beaver spreads, and in-your-face nakedness, not nudity—in the most asexually awkward, ugly poses—because of that immodesty!

Whoever said/wrote (Wilde?) "The most powerful aphrodisiac known to man is...innocence." That quality is in her eyes (windows of the soul) and body language, inside-out, and character will out!

If it ain't there, can't be faked.

To sum up, Bettie, through all her countless nude/swimsuit pin-ups (excluding the bondage pix which I've seen little of) was a model who won our affectionate adoring sexual desires, but never rapaciousness. The teenager/college co-ed-look of Bettie was, in the time frame of her youth and mine (I'm 65 to her 70) very attractive in the post World War II years of the '50s. She and the photogs kept her on the "nice girl" side of the line. Never porno in her nudity, never smutty, mean, eat-your-heart-out in expressions for the camera/viewers!

Well, enough blathering on about the lady.

Months ago, I did see that **LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS** item on all of you and her, on TV, finding her and how you had a big check for her to help her in her meagre circumstances. I'm glad she will be represented by an agent who'll manage her income for her good use. Send her all my good wishes, I'd like to hear from her—directly!

Alex Toth
Hollywood, Ca

Dear Alex,

Words of support are always welcome, and especially when they come from somebody with credentials like yours. Your comic book work has delighted audiences for decades, and

Below: Terry Beatty sends along this snap of a little bitty Bettie that he sculpted.



your visualizations for Saturday morning cartoons elevated every episode that you were involved with.

It's true, Bettie Page radiated charm and wholesomeness, and was clearly the top model in her profession. Her sweetness was her trademark.

On the other hand, your letter underlines a problem that's been bothering me for some time. That is, the celebration of tease at the expense of more explicit material. After all, both are just different aspects of sex: different shades of the same color. Why is explicit sexuality always portrayed as foul, and tease some heavenly state? Well, society is so uptight about sex that people just can't deal with the topic of hard-core, while titillation is a far "safer" way to enjoy sex. It's also politically correct. Lots of people fear a negative reaction from others, so they keep their love of porn under their hats.

Oscar Wilde also said, "There is no such thing as moral and immoral art, only good art and bad art." When it comes to hard and soft core material, I do not know what course others may take, but as for me, give me both or give it up.

Dear Mr. Theakston.

I was saddened to discover that **THE BETTY PAGES** will no longer be printed. At least, I assume that is what's going to happen since my latest copy is emblazoned with "Farewell Issue." Is there a problem? I find it hard to believe it's the fans, since most are like me and can't get enough of Bettie!

I've been a fan of Bettie Page since early 1990—not very long by most standards, but I've done pretty well. Like most modern fans I discovered Bettie in the pages of **THE ROCKE-TEER** comic, being an avid comics fan. One look and I was hooked! I have a modest "hoard" of Bettie t-shirts, art prints (including that beautiful poster



Mark Marderosian adds a little pep to our first issue with this *Teen Queen*.

you did), comic appearances, pin, trading cards, photos from Movie Star News, and of course, every issue of **THE BETTY PAGES**. Sadly, some of my better pieces were left with my ex-boyfriend (my Earl Moran litho, to name the best one) when we split up. Surprise! Yes, I'm a girl, and not bisexual or a lesbian. I was simply raised by a TV set (and a single mom). So, many of my role models were Tina Louise, Barbara Eden, Julie Newmar, Yvonne Craig, and Lynda Carter! Good Girl Art (and Bad Girl Art), so I guess Bettie Page is the logical next step. I think Bettie is GREAT! Not many people know about my fascination with Ms. Page, but those who do usually think it's neat—not to mention unusual! I guess most girls aren't into Good-Girl Art, or collecting pin-ups! I wish I had the money to collect the old magazine appearances of Bettie, but those are a bit too rich for my blood. I'm still on the look-out for new Bettie goodies.

I really enjoyed hearing her on the **LIFESTYLES** program: she sounded so

cute. It's also great to know she's still alive and kicking, and I totally respect her wish to remain off-camera. What a considerate sweet person she must be! I also loved her interview in **INTERVIEW** magazine. She sounds like a great person to talk to.

Anyway, thanks for letting me share my interest with you, and again, let me express how sorry I am to see your magazine go. I'll miss it for sure!

Sincerely,
Elin Winkler

Dear Elin,

Love to hear from the females in the audience, and there appear to be lots of them! No need to qualify your appreciation for the female form. Feminine beauty is an art in itself, and women are just as entitled as men to appreciate good art. There's nothing quite as beautiful as the human form (male or female), be it highly decorated or stark naked. Our readership has taste and sensitivity, and no apologies are necessary!

Re: **THE BETTY PAGES**. I've written about this in both #9 (Final Issue) and the second **ANNUAL**, but people keep asking, so I'll cover it again. **TBP** was my place to share what I'd discovered about The Queen of Curves. Seven years of research concluded with a complete overview of her career (**ANNUAL V.I.**), and the second **ANNUAL** featured an extensive interview with Bettie herself. I felt that my job had been completed, and there really was nothing much new left to

Beach Bettie by Tom Buss.



Regular contributor Ipswik tries his hand at a cute portrait of Ms. Monroe.

say. On top of that, all of the work I did on the Bettie Page story had a piece of my soul in it. That's why we never did key chains, coffee mugs, photo posters, tee-shirts, or anything else that didn't require my personal contribution. That stuff really falls under the heading of exploitation, and that's not what I wanted to do. I'm mentally exhausted on the topic, and completely fulfilled by the ride. There would be no point to continue **TBP**. Any more on the lady really would be exploitation.

On the other hand, I've got tons of material left over, and could do lots more on Bettie. The only reason to do it would be to generate more money for the 70-year-old Ms. Page. We will continue to sell the limited edition posters, signed by Bettie herself, but I have no plans to do any more Bettie books. However, look for the occasional photo of Bettie in future issues of **TEASE**!

Dear Greg,

After collecting **THE BETTY PAGES** since the first issue, I'm sorry to see it wrap up with #9, a symbol number of sorts. This one was really brimming with material. Bill Feret's piece was great as usual, as was the

Mike Vraney/Something Weird Video article. That the letter section ends with a letter from Bettie Page herself is a significant final touch. No message to her many fans? Ms. Page has probably been totally bewildered by the enormous attention she's received since it started snowballing in the early eighties. I hope whatever difficulties she mentions having from 1979 to '92 are over, and that she finds the peace of mind and security she desires.

I suppose it only natural that the overall editorial tone seemed anticlimactic and subdued now that she has re-emerged publicly. That **PLAYBOY** follow-up piece was strangely buried within the magazine's layout after the gigantic pictorial in the previous issue (Dec. 1992).

It has been a rough time the past few months for many artists, writers, and publishers devoted to her image, although ultimately all are more than happy to begin paying royalties. Therein lies the difference among legal

Below: "Chainsaw" Chuck Majewski offers this buxom, prehistoric barber. She wants to take a little off your top. For more of the same, tune in later for Bill Feret's cave girls countdown, "Hot Beauties and Cold-Blooded Beasts".



Above: FEMME FATALES associate editor, Debbie Rochon submits this sexy shot for your inspection.

representatives. Some obtain their goals with charm and persuasion. Others ruin your day when they call.

I guess it only best for you that you now move on with **TEASE!** and good luck, even though there remains a large amount of unseen Bettie Page photo material that would have been great combined with quarterly commentaries and personal reminiscences from Ms. Page herself. Her Klaw activities with Irving Klaw, especially.

She would draw tremendous crowds, and consequent revenue, if she decided to make personal appearances at the conventions. It would be fantastic, but that's not going to happen.

Sincerely,
Jim Singer

Dear Jim,

Thanks for the kind words, but don't let the discontinuation of **TBP** get you down. I promise you that **TEASE!** will be far more entertaining than the work we've done in **THE BETTY PAGES**, and once you've consumed this issue, I'm sure that you will agree. I always felt **TBP** was kind of limiting, but **TEASE!** opens the doors to all kinds of related material that I'm sure you'll get a kick out of.

Dear Greg Theakston,

Thank you for the review of **FEMME FATALES** magazine! Scott Mitchell wrote a very informative and accurate article, and I wanted to acknowledge him for it. I'm now the associate editor and on my behalf as well as Bill George and Brinke Stevens, we would like to just say **THANKS!**

We're sorry to hear that **THE BETTY PAGES** has come to its conclusion, but we certainly look forward to the book! Good luck with your future publications, and you might want to keep your eye out for **FEMME FATALES** #6—seeing you're Betty fans!

Yours truly,
Debbie Rochon

Dear Greg,

I just picked up **THE BETTY PAGES** #9 and was shocked and disappointed to read that it is to be the final issue. I have been reading **TBP** since the very first issue, and even had a subscription (#2-5). I got my copy of the first **ANNUAL** at the Golden Apple Bookstore in Hollywood. I got my copy

Below: Vivacious Vampire! Fontaine gives us his version of Vampirella as played by Bettie Page.



autographed by you and Darla Crane, the winner of the Bettie look-alike contest. Every issue has been a delight and I'll be sorry to lose it. **TEASE!** looks very promising, and I'm sure it will be every bit as much of a delight as **THE BETTY PAGES**. I hope that you will include Bettie in the new publication from time to time.

Congratulations on locating her and being instrumental in bringing her back to the public eye. I'm greatly looking forward to hearing her tell her own story in the second **ANNUAL**. Perhaps it is true that having located her will diminish some of her mystique, but I think it only right that she can finally profit from her newfound fame.

By the time I turned 18, adult films had already gone "pink." When I was a teenager, and a solid mass of raging hormones, that kind of thing did hold some interest for me for a time, but as such material became more plotless,

pointless, and crude, I found myself taking a greater interest in the more adventure-oriented men's magazines of the 1950s and '60s, and began to collect them. This, as well as my interest in comics, led me to discover **THE ROCKETEER**, which of course, led me to Bettie Page. Of all of the great ladies of that era, Blaze Starr, Tempest Storm, Lili St. Cyr, etc., Bettie had a particular magic that is unmatched to this day. Beautiful, sexy, and mysterious, yet with an air of innocence and wholesomeness. I guess that made her just about the perfect woman. How amazing to now realize that she is five years older than my mother!

So, while I will miss **THE BETTY PAGES** very much, I am greatly looking forward to **TEASE!**, for all of the same reasons which led me to be an admirer of Bettie in the first place.

Thank you, once again, not only

for "Filling the void between hard-core and no-core," and for giving Bettie back to her fans, but for giving her fans back to Bettie as well.

Sincerely,
Paul. F. Rapp

Dear Paul,

When everything seems to be going wrong, and I want to throw in the towel, a letter like yours comes in and I feel better. As long as there are people out there who want to know more, I'll be digging up the facts that nobody else reports on.

*To get a better idea of what I'm talking about, dive into the editorial section of the first issue of **TEASE!** right now!*



Firefighters Collector Trading Cards

Fifty of the hottest award-winning calendar photographs by Robert Henshaw-Suder from 1989 to 1995. The premier set includes centerfold models Telyn Johns, Morena Corwin, Christina Leardini, Angela Melini, vintage and state-of-the-art fire equipment, and all 12 photos seen in the original 1989 firefighters calendar that sparked worldwide news.

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Good Girl Art: GALLERY STYLE

by Greg Theakston

The Bess Cutler Gallery and **TEASE!** Magazine co-curated a Pin-Up Art show late last year, appropriately called "Ha-Cha-Cha, Pin-Up and Glamour Art: Past, Present and Beyond." The opening of the show, on October 22, was attended by hundreds of fans of Good Girl Art, and a few of the artists as well. The cover art to this issue was unveiled for public inspection.

The show is the brainchild of the gallery's Managing Curator, Lisa Petrucci, and the genre is one of her personal favorites. "I've been wanting to do this kind of show for some time, so when Bess agreed to do it I was ecstatic. We had a good response to this type of material with the Robert Williams show," Lisa relates, "I'm also a fan of some of the other contemporary illustrators, like Mitch O'Connell, but I was less familiar with the older artists, so it's been a crash course in Good-Girl Art." Petrucci contacted me and suggested that we join forces to produce a girlie art show. I'm a lace-lover from way back, and agreed immediately. Dealers and artists were contacted, and the enthusiasm was unanimous.

Artists represented in the "past" part of the show included classics Rolf Armstrong, Zoe Mozert, Alberto Vargas, and Gil Elvgren. The artists of

Pin-ups Present included Olivia, Mitch O'Connell, Robert Blue, Don "Rusty" Rust, Robert Sarsony, and Bobby Toombs. "Beyond" pin-ups came from Lutz Bacher, Diana Balton, Sirri Howard, Lisa Petrucci, and Richard Martinez. Photographer Bunny Yeager was represented with a number of Bettie Page photos, as well as a self-portrait.

In a class by himself was the Grand Master of Gawk, Bill Ward. On hand for the opening, Ward was overwhelmed by the crowd, and held court in the sitting room. One at a time, the greats, the near-greats, and the ingrates all jockeyed to have a Word with Ward. Taking on all comers, Bill was in good form. Much to everyone's delight, Girlie-Art Great Eric Stanton appeared with his family and chatted with Bill. Though the two hadn't seen each other in a decade, the interlude was warm. It was an amazing sight to see the last of the pen-and-ink giants hobnob, oblivious of the crowd and show. I was impressed.

Back in the gallery, the crowds were picking their favorites and rubbing shoulders with friends. One corner of the show was devoted to my work, and I had four pieces in the show: cover to the **BETTY PAGES ANNUAL** Volume 2, cover to **TBP** #6, cover to **TBP** #9, and the cover to this issue of

TEASE! Statuesque cover model, Kim Ryder, arrived and got her first look at the painting. I was relieved when she gave it a thumbs-up. Delighted gallery visitors began to recognize her, and the boys all took notice.

Taking a walk on the mild side, **SCREW** honcho David Aaron Clark seemed to be having a good time amid the beautiful girls on the walls and in the crowd as well. Numerous good-lookers rotated throughout the show all evening. The group included Sean (DC Comics) Taggart, Bronwyn (Piranha Press) Taggart, Paul (Marvel) Becton, Alan (Defiant Comics) Weiss with wife Pauline, Charlie (**MAD MAGAZINE**) Kadau, Sasha (House of Domination) Miller and her sister Trixie, Eric (Girdleville) Kroll and wife Lynka, and too many more to list.

Bess Cutler, co-owner was so pleased with the reception that she invited me to make the show an annual event. "Over the past year, we've been mounting more popular culture exhibits," she remarked, "and when we decided to do a Pin-Up show, I wasn't sure how it would be received. We're getting a surprisingly strong response. People are as touched by it as they are any other kind of art. Having a show that people respond to is one of the rewards of running a gallery like this."

The Ha-Cha-Cha show ran through November 11.



Clockwise from below: Publisher, Greg Theakston and his wife, Nancy; Bill Ward and friends; Eric Stanton and his family; Lisa Petrucci faxes out for more champagne; Theakston and his contribution; The crowds liked Bunny Yeager's photos.



The Forgotten Glamour Queens

Sandra Giles and Juli Reding:
Blonde Bombshell Bosom Buddies

by Steve Sullivan

The Hollywood glamour scene of the 1950s was not known for genuine friendships between gals who were desperately in search of Tinseltown stardom. Venomous rivalry and back-biting were far more prevalent. But Sandra Giles and Juli Reding were one pair of chesty bosom buddies who defied the norm.

Sandra and Juli had a lot in common from the start. Both were born in 1935, and raised in Texas: Juli in the rural town of Quannah, and Sandra who was raised in the Lone Star State after her beginnings in Hooker, Oklahoma. Both realized at an early age that their curvy blonde good looks conveyed certain advantages that could not be fully exploited in a small town. By 1956, both were in Hollywood.

Sandra arrived first, leaving behind her beauty-queen days as "Miss San Antonio" and "Miss Corpus Christi" at 18 and getting a job as a private secretary in Los Angeles. "I answered the phone, but couldn't type or do shorthand," Sandra recalls today. "Everyone liked a pretty secretary with a very good figure."

However, she had her eye on show business. By this time she had become pals with Juli, who had graduated from Stephens College for Women in Missouri and

headed west shortly after getting married. The marriage soon went south and the husband returned to Missouri, but Juli was in Hollywood to stay, and she and Sandra became roommates.

When Juli heard that agent Shelly Davis, an associate of her own theatrical agent, was looking for someone new to handle, she suggested Sandra. No fool, Davis saw in 38-24-36 blonde beauty Sandra a fresh-faced counterpart to the platinum goddesses then dominating Hollywood, and took her on.

Davis learned that the owners of a soon-to-be-opened hotel/casino in Las Vegas, the Fremont, were looking for a gorgeous blonde to pose for a giant portrait to be hung in the casino. Sandra fit the bill, and posed for artist Philip Paval in a tight one-piece swimsuit. Came the hotel's grand opening in May 1956, with an army of photographers on hand as a smiling Sandra stood by for the unveiling of the portrait, "A Lady of Chance." To her astonishment, the portrait portrayed her in the nude—a shock she registered by angrily slapping Paval in the face as the photographers happily snapped away.

It was the slap heard around the world. Newspaper and magazines around the country pictured the episode, which led directly to television and movie offers for Sandra. "Girl Slugs X-Ray Vision Artist," read a typical headline. She sued Paval and the hotel and later got an out-of-court settlement. Fremont owner Ed Livinson played it to the hilt, ceremonially pouring out \$15,000 in coins onto a gaming table as Sandra beamed, with the portrait in the background. While Sandra did not actually get to keep a dime, the event launched her career.

On the Tom Duggan TV show in 1957, she made an enduring impression on many male viewers with her decidedly sexy tire commercials as The Boom-Boom Girl. Invariably clad for these ads in the lowest-cut dress permissible on television and adopting her best dumb-blonde persona, "Sandra's habit of bending forward, while she mangles the sales pitch, apparently

Above: Sandra poses for the centerfold of CAPER MAGAZINE.



sells a lot of tires," noted one account.

She also became a popular figure in men's magazine pictorials. Despite her modesty in never fully revealing any critical parts of her anatomy, Sandra's shapely charms, often clad in transparent negligees, filled numerous pages in **CABARET**, **MODERN MAN**, and other girlie mags. "Some photographers wanted me to go further, but I wouldn't," she recalls.

At the 1957 Hollywood publicists' Ballyhoo Ball, Sandra arrived in a coffin lugged by six strapping pallbearers as "the most beautiful body in the world." Making this claim particularly bold was the presence at the same event of Jayne Mansfield, Mamie Van Doren, Greta Thyssen, and Vikki Dougan. Photos of the remarkable affair show that all five glamour queens did their sensuous best (with Sandra in a eye-catching tight dress showing ample cleavage) to compete for attention.

A Girl and Her Furry Car

And then came her most successful publicity stunt of all. Sandra had been selected as "Miss Press Club" for the Hollywood premiere of the film **TEACHER'S PET**, and she and Davis were casting about for a gimmick to bring her a bit of extra attention. The solution: a convertible covered completely in pink rugging material, in which she drove to the premiere clad in an ermine dress and mink stole. "The photographers went crazy," remembers Sandra. The press it garnered her was sensational, including a newsreel which showed Sandra giving her car a bubblebath ("doesn't everyone give their new car a bubblebath?" she asked plaintively) and a coveted **LIFE** magazine feature in 1958. After another year or so in which she drove the car all over Hollywood and environs to widespread attention, she sold it to a wealthy

Texan.

Publicity was the name of the game for any budding starlet, and Sandra played it to the hilt. The **LIFE** article noted that she would show up anywhere that people would notice her. "She opens branch banks, serves as beauty queen on any occasion, and is always most obliging to photographers," Sandra and publicists also made sure everyone knew about the fact that (like Marilyn) she never wore undergarments, and about her bedtime ritual of taking the "longest, hottest bath in all Hollywood" before climbing into bed—au naturel, of course—underneath crimson bedsheets.

Meanwhile, her movie career was coming along nicely. In the 1958 film **LOST, LONELY**



*Above: This fur-baring four-wheeler made Sandra the talk of the town.
Below: Juli on the cover of FROLIC (Dec 1958).*



AND VICIOUS, she had a good supporting role as "Darlene." It was a tale of a Hollywood actor preoccupied with fast cars and women; it was loosely based on James Dean, whom Sandra had met at Sammy Davis, Jr.'s home. She was one of three actresses who read for the coveted part of Darlin' Jill in the film version of GOD'S LITTLE ACRE. Unfortunately, the role went to Fay Spain, who turned in a scorching performance.

After small parts in two other films, the 1959 picture DADDY-O provided Sandra with her best-known role. She co-starred in this teen exploitation flick opposite Dick Contino, who's a singer forced by hoodlums to drive the getaway car to a heist. Sandra is at her Jayne-like best as a curvy, flirtatious cigarette girl who's also a daring and enthusiastic drag-racer. Her tight, leggy nightclub outfits cause men's jaws to drop open.

Juli's Star Ascends

Meanwhile, gal-pal Juli was also on a hot streak at the end of the '50s. Her first break came when her pin-up pictures earned her first prize in the

"Mermaid at Marineland" contest. This was enough for Juli to get an agent and land a motion picture contract with Warner Brothers.

Along with a few typical contract-player bit parts in films and performing regularly at the Hollywood Repertory Theater, Juli began turning up with increasing frequency in 1958 on network television. Her early appearances included 77 SUNSET STRIP, THE AQUANAUTS, and MR. ADAMS AND EVE. On one memorable program, she did a hip-swinging impersonation of Abbe Lane complete with red wig.

She gained still more visibility during 1959 with almost-weekly appearances on Red Skelton's highly-rated comedy/variety show. "I admired his wits and he admired my—figure," she said at the time. Skelton spoke of his blonde comic foil glowingly. "Juli Reding is one of the most talented kids I ever worked with," he declared. She also tried her hand at writing, with various short stories and outlines for two proposed TV series.

Meanwhile, Juli's 40-23-35½" figure—one of the most abundantly curvaceous in all of Hollywood—was a magnetic lure for pin-up photographers published in MODERN MAN, ADAM, and others. The legendary Russ Meyer shot Juli on several occasions, including a few semi-top-

less poses. The one RM picture that was reproduced over and over again featured her in a jumpsuit unzipped down the front. Juli's stunning appearance helped her to follow in Sandra's footsteps (and Monroe's) as Los Angeles reporters' "Miss Press Club" in 1960.

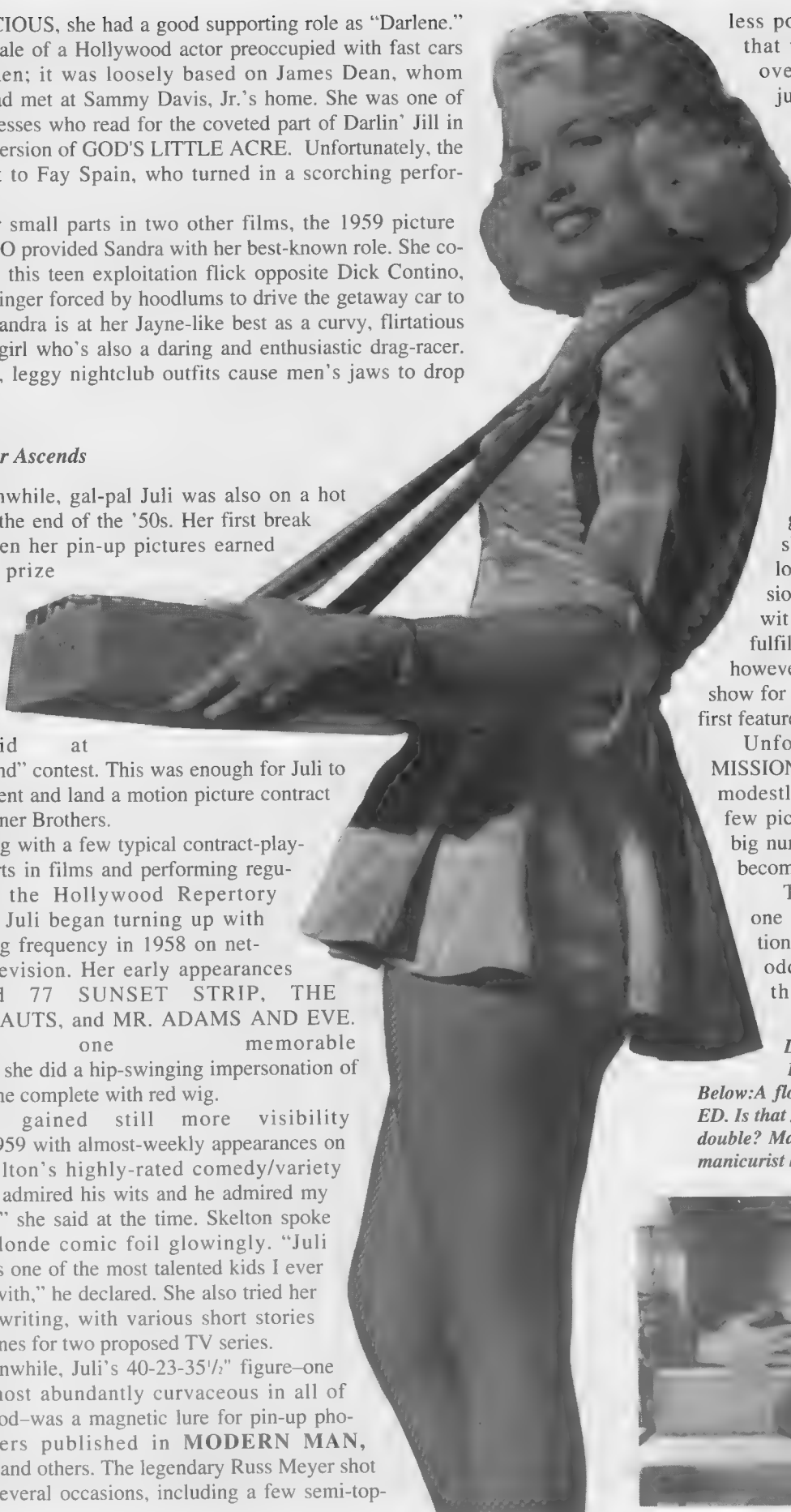
Juli landed her own Southern California television show on Los Angeles' Channel 13 that same year. HERE'S JULI was a weekly Fridays-at-midnight interview show in which she chatted with a succession of celebrities, giving Juli the opportunity to show that her blonde good looks and spectacular dimensions were matched by a sharp wit and sense of humor. After fulfilling her 13-week obligation, however, she decided to give up the show for the opportunity to tackle her first featured movie role.

Unfortunately, that film MISSION TO MOROCCO, was only modestly successful, and her next few pictures also failed to ring up big numbers. However, one was to become a cult classic.

TORMENTED in 1960 was one of the weirdest science-fiction films in this golden era for odd-ball sci-fi cinema. Juli's the mistress of a pianist

Left: Sandra sells smokes in the 1959 film DADDY-O.

Below: A floating hand from TORMENTED. Is that Juli's mit or is it a digital stunt-double? Maybe it's the key grip. Only her manicurist knows for sure!



(Richard Carlson) who pushes her off the top of a lighthouse after she threatens him with blackmail to ruin his upcoming marriage. Throughout the rest of the film, he is haunted by Juli's image as parts of her ghost—a crawling hand, a floating head—keep turning up. Bizarre as it is, **TORMENTED** has a definite creepy appeal to it.

After 1960, the movie careers of both Juli and Sandra tapered off sharply. Not long after Sandra was signed to a 10-picture deal, the producer who signed her suddenly passed away. Together with the moviegoing public's fading appetite for blonde bombshells, the loss of this powerful supporter seems to have sucked the momentum from Sandra's film career. Nevertheless, she persevered.

Sandra continued to make movie appearances into the early 1970s, including a memorable role opposite the new decade's leading sex bomb, Raquel Welch, 1969's **FLAREUP**. Sandra recalls that when she put on the see-through miniskirt that her role called for, makeup people warned her not to let Raquel see her in the attention-getting outfit or she would make her change. As it turned out, Raquel was secure enough to accept a gorgeous co-star, and never said a word. In a well-remembered TV appearance in a 1974 episode of **THE ODD COUPLE**, Sandra portrayed a sexy "Roberta Riggs" who was used by tennis hustler Bobby Riggs to bamboozle Jack Klugman.

From December 1960 to March 1966, Sandra was married to Paul Robertson, a wealthy Orange County builder and yachtsman. It was her second marriage, with a daughter (Sandra, Jr.) from the first union. Frank Sinatra, Michael Caine, and Trini Lopez were among the well-known gentlemen whom Sandra dated on more than one occasion. Actor David Janssen—with whom she worked on a 1957 TV pilot film for **RICHARD DIAMOND**, **PRIVATE DETECTIVE**—was one of her more serious romances.

Even as she found her movie career sputtering along, Juli found herself much in demand on shows like **DR. KILDARE**, **RICHARD DIAMOND**, **PRIVATE EYE** and **BIG VALLEY**. She appeared numer-

ous times on Steve Allen's show as a bathing beauty or anonymous sexy blonde in various comedy sketches. Appropriately, she also played the Jayne Mansfield role in **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?** in a 1963 Los Angeles stage production.

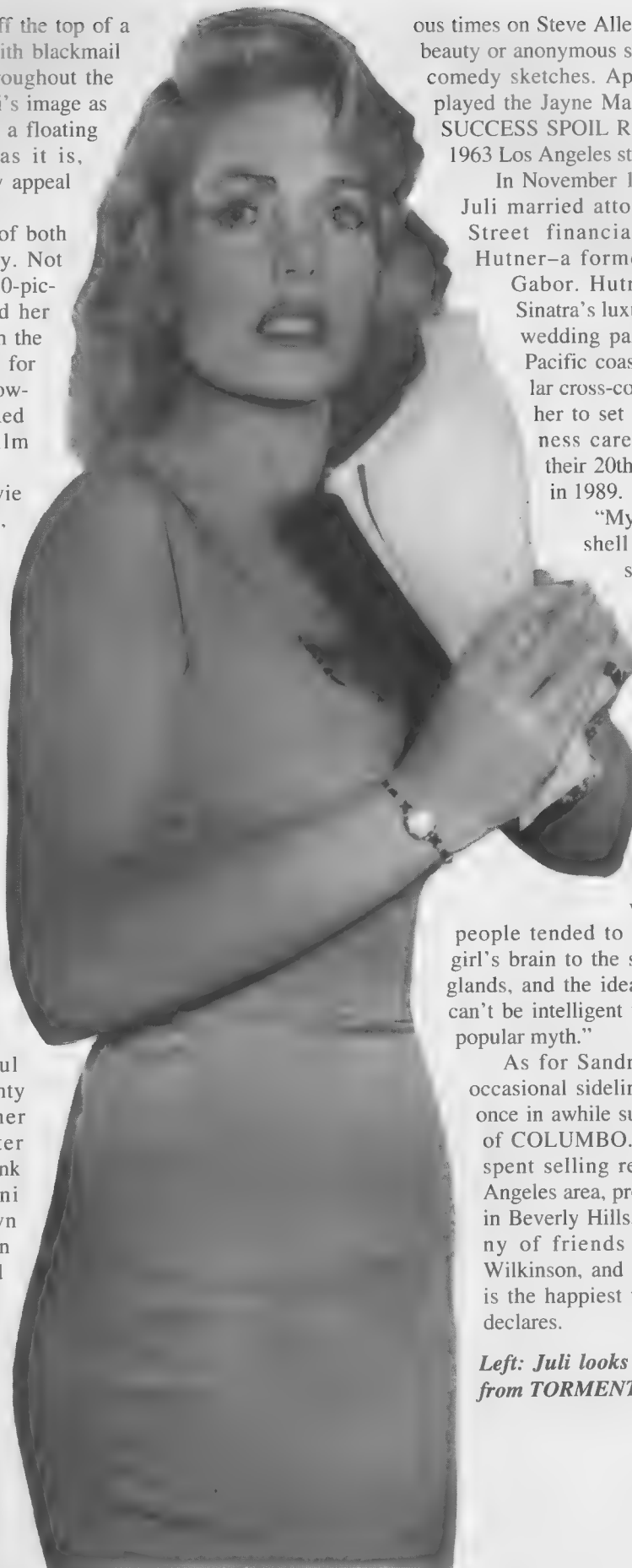
In November 1969, on her birthday, Juli married attorney and later Wall Street financial consultant Herb Hutner—a former mate of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Hutner chartered Frank Sinatra's luxurious plane to get the wedding party to Carmel on the Pacific coast. The couple's regular cross-country travels soon led her to set aside her show business career. They celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary in 1989.

"My being a blond bombshell was a double-edged sword," recalls Juli today. "In retrospect, had I not pursued that image and tried to be a more serious actress, maybe I could have gone further. However I enjoyed the image, and it got me a lot of publicity. It happened to be voluptuous. Some

people tended to equate the size of a girl's brain to the size of her mammary glands, and the idea that a busty blonde can't be intelligent was unfortunately the popular myth."

As for Sandra, acting is now an occasional sideline, turning up on TV once in awhile such as a 1990 episode of **COLUMBO**. Most of her time is spent selling real estate in the Los Angeles area, producing a dance show in Beverly Hills, enjoying the company of friends like Juli and June Wilkinson, and helping people. "This is the happiest time in my life," she declares.

*Left: Juli looks troubled in a still from **TORMENTED**.*



Classic Pinup Art By George Petty

The Petty Girl

Premium Collectible Trading Cards

Before the Playboy Playmate, before Vargas, there was *The Petty Girl*. With her debut appearance in 1933 in *Esquire*, the pinup image was created.

She inspired many, not the least of whom was a teenaged Hugh Hefner who never forgot seeing her.

21st Century Archives is pleased to announce *The Petty Girl Collectible Trading Cards*. This set contains gorgeous images from the 1930s' and 40s' art of George Petty that today were rarely seen or available... until now.

This set of classic pinup art follows our award-winning set featuring the work of Alberto Vargas, which was named "**Non-Sport Card Design of the Year.**" Vargas may have taken George Petty's place after Petty left *Esquire*, but by then Petty's visibility and reputation had been established and were successfully perpetuated throughout the war years and after. *The Petty Girl* appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1941, and Petty was the only American artist ever to have a movie made about his life and work fittingly called "The Petty Girl."

The 50 cards comprising this set are of exceptional quality, featuring four-color and UV-coated fronts and backs. The card backs are written by world-renowned authority Reid Stewart Austin and feature insights into the artist, the images, and their creation. Five special limited-edition cards are randomly inserted into the eight-card foil packs.

Look for *The Petty Girl* where cards and comics are sold. You will find the images that provided the inspiration for the Playboy Bunny and the Playboy Playmate, and had such a profound impact on the publisher of *Playboy* and many others.



VHS VARIETEASE

by Lisa Petrucci

Welcome to the wonderful world of sexploitation sinema! In this, and subsequent issues of **TEASE!**, I'll be reviewing lots of films that you won't find at your local Blockbuster Video store. I confess to preferring this low-budget fare to any classic or big Hollywood studio product. This time out, our subject is Barry Mahon, one of my favorite directors.

Mahon began making films in the 1950s while managing the career of movie star Errol Flynn. His first film was "White Slave Racket" (1953). Unexpectedly, the film was a hit and Mahon began his illustrious career. **CUBAN REBEL GIRLS** was his next feature (shot on location in Cuba with the assistance of Fidel Castro and the Cuban military!). It was a flop. Barry decided to stick with proven exploitation formulas.

I'm not claiming that Mahon is a cinematic genius by any means, but he certainly made some of the most likeable and entertaining "adults only" flicks of the 'sixties, including **NUDES ON TIGER REEF** (with narrative painfully strung together with nudist colony and nude underwater footage!); lots of behind-the-scenes sex industry stories like the classic **CONFESSIONS OF A BAD GIRL**, **THE STORY OF EIGHT GIRLS**, **HOLLYWOOD NUDES REPORT**, **BUNNY YEAGER'S NUDE LAS VEGAS** to name a few; **PROSTITUTES PROTECTIVE SOCIETY** and **SEX CLUB INTERNATIONAL** portray the nastier side of the world's oldest profession, and paints a less-than-pretty picture of the working girl's trials and tribulations. **THE SEX KILLER** is for those of you who like things on the twisted side (necrophilia, anyone?), and **FORBIDDEN FLESH** is another horny hillbilly fable. Barry Mahon was responsible for dozens of sleazy treasures, but for now, let's take a peek at three:

NUDES INC. (1964) fancies itself

as a docudrama. Set in Times Square (of course!), and tells the story of Barbara Jo, a rather lackluster blonde who aspires to a career as a fashion model or actress. When she can't find gainful employment (how can this be?), Barbara Jo answers an ad for a figure modeling job.

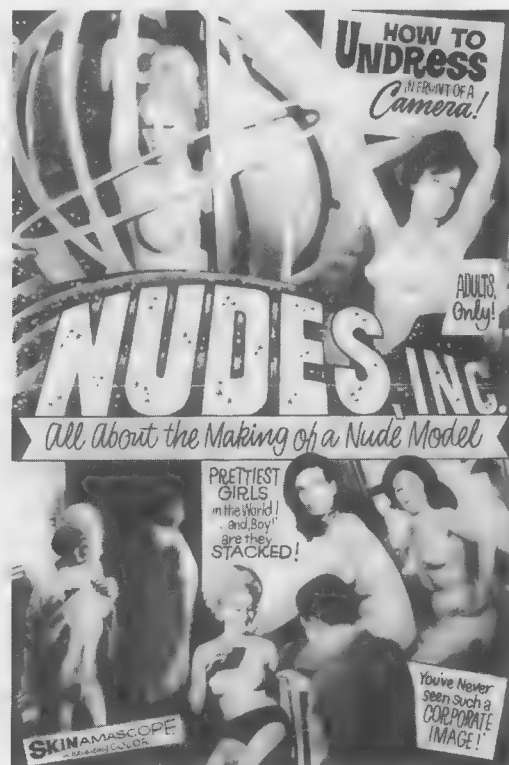
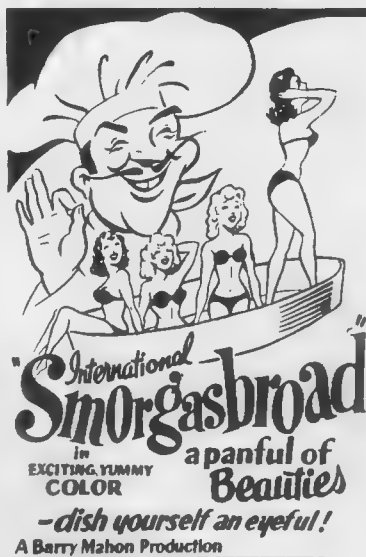
A reassuring narrator informs us that Nudes Incorporated is a respectable commercial nude photography studio whose purpose is to focus on the "artistic" aspects of taking pictures of beautiful buxom babes. Gently, Barbara Jo is introduced to this world, and we get to see loads of gorgeous girls sitting pretty and posing in artificial sets. Barbara Jo stares blankly into space and nods a lot while the models do their thing. Imagine a deck of cheezy vintage nudie playing cards brought to life and you've got the mood of this film! It's a Pin-Up collector's dream come true as you actually get to watch the girls in action—and what action! I'm sure

you'll find a few knockouts in this bunch, so brave the corny story and enjoy the babes.

Barbara Jo is overwhelmed by all of this, so she takes a stroll by the docks (note the glamorous Circle Line Cruises in the background!). There, she struggles to make an important choice: pose nude, make big bucks, and be successful or crawl back to her hometown, get hitched, and breed. Needless to say, she makes the right choice and sheds her angora and pearls in the name of art.

The rest of the film is a practical guide to nude modeling. The narrator informs us that looking glamorous is hard work for the girls. He reveals tricks of the trade that include ways to cover unsightly flaws (!), and suggests that it's always important to work with the photographer to get a good shot. Well, when it's Barbara Jo's time to turn on the magic for the camera, she falls flat, having as much sex appeal as

MAHON MADNESS! Some of the ads for Barry Mahon motion pictures. His brand of filmmaking and this kind of ad art are both lost arts.





ALFRED N. SACK
presents

HOT SKIN and COLD CASH

A BARRY MAHON Production
Distributed by SACK AMUSEMENT ENTERPRISES



a department store mannequin! Many other girls shine brightly, however, so sit tight and enjoy NUDES INC.!

HOT SKIN AND COLD CASH (1965) offers an intimate glimpse into a day in the life of Shelley, a wise-cracking buxom blonde hooker. Due to circumstances beyond her control (like her husband vacationing in The Big House, her paying his lawyer's fees, and supporting their displaced child), Shelley takes to the streets of Times Square. We experience an average day in her life, beginning with a lecherous lawyer coming by for a payment and a piece of Shelley on the side. If it'll speed up the legal process, why not? While getting dolled up for work, Shelley proclaims to herself (in a sing-songy voice) "As long as you got the equipment men want, you'll make out."

Shelley goes to the beauty salon and gets her big, rat-teased hair done (which takes all of 30 seconds), then meets the second character of the day she'll have the opportunity to do business with. An Asian shutterbug frantically snaps some pix of her while she's drumming up some business. She offers a private modeling session, for a price, of course. Come to find out that the guy just wants to prove to a buddy that he had a piece of some hot blonde tootsie. She suggests that they model together, and the result is a quick \$25.

Shelley's next customer asks her to smoke some reefer and get it on with his less-than-willing-wife. She tells him, "Wait a minute, hold on. Confucius say, 'No tickee, no washee.'" He reluctantly hands her the cash to which she replies, "Thank you, baby. Now you can pick up the laun-

Barbara Jo inspects her uniform before going to work, in NUDES INC.

dry." She ends up playing therapist to the confused beatnik couple, instead of putting out.

Later, Shelley takes a man to her place, and he turns out to be a priest! He sincerely wants to help her see the error of her ways, but in the end she tells him, "Maybe I'm just bad inside." No morality tale here!

Other oddballs she happens upon include a young virgin college boy (who she gently seduces with "Come on, Tarzan. You like what you see, Tarzan? It's all yours, baby. I won't hurt you!") and the evening finally ends with a swinging orgy complete with clean-cut manly men and more big-haired gals!

HOT SKIN AND COLD CASH has great on-location scenes in Times Square, and the vivacious Shelley is delightful. One of my favorites!

Mahon's **RUN SWINGER RUN!** (1965) is another gem. This time it's the story of Laura, a beautiful woman on the run from a gun-smuggling bad-guy organization, and her own insatiable sexuality!

Laura (who's not too hard on the eyes, but a terrible actress) is picked up at a gas station by a sympathetic convertible owner. She explains that the reason she's naked, but for a trench coat, is because she's fleeing from a sniper who plans to kill her because of the information she knows. OK...

In a flashback, we discover that Laura was raped by a disgusting boarder at her mother's New York apartment building. She reveals that instead of



Laura swaps her nightie for a trench-coat in *RUN SWINGER RUN!*

organization. What will she wear? How 'bout a poofy, ruffly mini-dress? Perhaps something longer and a bit more diaphanous would be appropriate!

A short lesbian scene is followed by a dinner party which we're told was a tremendous success (the food was delicious and everyone was polite!). The men leave to discuss gun-smuggling and then return to find Laura doing an erotic dance in the living room. She then seduces the general, taking him up to her room. Afterwards, she finds out that he is selling arms to the Commies! There's no way she's going to allow American kids to get shot by their own guns, so Laura takes it upon herself and reports this heinous activity to the FBI.

Like so many of Mahon's films, *RUN SWINGER RUN!* ends on a happy note. The convertible driver and Laura find love in a motel room while hiding away from the organization,

only to be interrupted by the FBI who have come to take Laura away for questioning. Smugly, they suggest that the two lovebirds make their union legal—you know it's against the law to transport a woman across state lines for immoral purposes!!

If you're looking for some fun, off-beat viewing, these babies are a great place to start.

Mahon went off in a completely different direction around 1969, and began making children's fairy tale movies and rock concert films. Most folks will agree that the sex and nudie films were his best work.

In future issues, we'll be treading into the video vault for more obscure exploitation goodies. Get ready for an introduction to more entertaining films and the folks who made them. Til then, rewind those tapes and keep that screen clean!

Special thanks to Alan Betrock, Frank Henenlotter, and Mike Vraney for their help!



feeling revolted by the violation, she actually kind of liked it. Guilt drives her to Los Angeles, where she hopes to start a new life. Laura lands on the doorstep of her old friend, Mary, who now deals dope out of her home. Not a place for straight-laced Laura, so she's off again.

While she's having a cocktail and reading the want ads in a bar, she's approached by Schneider, one of the leaders of a mysterious organization. In a really bad accent (European?), he offers Laura \$1000 a week to work for him entertaining some "important clients". Sounds good to her, so she's in! Laura gets to go shopping for new clothes, which she then models for the new boss (he decides to sample the merchandise for himself!).

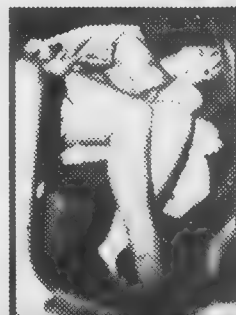
She makes some new friends, including the chauffeur Bob, whom she asks, "Will you be my friend?...I want a real friend."

Laura is given her assignment and is told to amuse and entertain a Chinese general who is doing business with the

**A YOUNG GIRL ALONE...
MARKED FOR DEATH BY
THE CRIME SYNDICATE!**



**RUN
Swinger
RUN!**



The exciting story of Laura...a call-girl!

ADULTS ONLY

A BARRY MAHON PRODUCTION

Everyone's talking about SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEOS

60's SEX-O-RAMA

Of New Releases!



There's no turning back now! The Sleuths of Sleaze at Something Weird have unleashed a Torrent of Trash upon the American public that cannot be stopped! From those incredible grade Z "no budget" oddities to exclusive releases of the long sought-after films of David F. Friedman, you need never look further than SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO for the finest in vintage adult-oriented entertainment!

DAVE FRIEDMAN REVIVAL CONTINUES!

Feast your eyes on these five incredible new releases from the Prince of Pulchritude himself!

SPACE THING

1968, COLOR - Visit the "planet of the rapes" with Captain Mother and her sultry crew of sadistic lesbians in this campy "peek into the year 2069." Comes in a full-color box created by Dave "Rocketeer" Stevens!

A Sweet Sickness

1965, BW - Pretty young Dee from somewhere in USA shows up in Hollywood and leads what it takes to become a star. "A moving visual experience," or "Eight miles of sewage?" You be the judge of this nude-ruffie about the underground film business in LA.



THE NOTORIOUS DAUGHTER OF BANNY HILL

1966, COLOR - The incredibly sexy Stacey Walker stars as "Kissy Hill", the teenage Hayden offspring. Tutored in the art of love-making, she was able to play hanky-ponky with the best of them. (The Duchess of Roxbury and the Count de Sade among them!)

Brand of Shame

1968, COLOR - "It's the adult color Western that puts you back in the saddle again!" Molly and her stable of prostitutes take in the good and bad guys alike. It's the kiss of a red-hot branding iron! See Dave Friedman himself at the reins in this stagecoach.



A RIBALD DELIGHT!

TRADER HORNEE
Here it is! Dave's big-budget nude laff-not epic! An African Alice in wonderland! "The film that breaks the law of the jungle" takes you on a quest into the darkest Africa in search of Algona, the White Goddess. It's definitely "A three-ring circus for the broad-minded!"

Moonlighting Wives

1964, COLOR - "Expose" of a prostitution racket run by a ruthless housewife in the New York suburbs. Directed by Joe Sarno

Career Bed 1969, BW - A sleazy stage mother pushes her incredibly sexy daughter up the ladder of success. Don't miss this one. Directed by Joel Reed

Henry's Nite In 1968, BW - Henry's psychotherapist recommends extramarital sex to cure his potency problems. Then he learns how to become invisible. Incredible invisible sex ensues

Hot Thrills and Warm Chills

1966, BW - "Wild madness that will make your innards sizzle!" Four hot babes, former street gang chums, attempt to pull off a major crime in Rio during Mardi Gras. Starring Rita Alexander and featuring Russ Meyer star Lorna Maitland. Sleazy-listening Mambo music by Perez Prado. Directed by Dale Berry



Aroused

1966, BW - Here's a real sickie! Killer of prostitutes gets it in the end. Directed by Anton Holden

Sinderella and the Golden Bra

1964, COLOR - Musical comedy variation of the popular Cinderella story with the major difference involving bust, instead of foot size

The Weird World of LSD

1967, BW - Whoever made this one must have been using large amounts of the then popular hallucinogen. So wild and over the top, we can't recommend it enough!

Naughty Dallas

1964, COLOR - Larry "Mars Needs Women" Buchanan's first movie! Young, naive country gal goes to the big city to become a stripper. This tease classic was shot in Jack Ruby's Dallas strip club two months before the JFK assassination

Female Animal

1970, COLOR - Angelique, via flashbacks, recounts the events leading up to her present position (flat on her back). Director Juan Grinella

Fly Now, Pay Later

1969, BW - Definitely of the nude-ruffie-sickie category, this story of drug smuggling stewardesses does not contain one plane! However they did manage to include snakes, torture and various other important sleaze elements to keep our interest

Sock It To Me Baby

1968, BW - Uncle's got the hots for his niece. But Auntie has been getting it on with her for years. A fine 60's portrayal of pent-up sexual frustration. Directed by Lou Campa

To Turn A Trick

1967, BW - A twisted photographer takes in a wannabe model and shows her the tricks of the trade. Features drug abuse, lesbianism and degenerate lifestyles in 60's NYC. Produced by Sam Luke

Private Relations

1968, BW - PR man Earl Dudley has his hands full in this sleazy film filled with cheesy sets, naked gals and plenty of mistakes and bloopers left intact in order to save film. Produced by Lou Campa

Sex Freedom In Germany

1969, COLOR - A wacky mondo-keyhole look at 60's sexual practices in Germany including nude musicians, a sex political party, porno movie production, and a not-to-be-missed shocking art performance by Otto Murni

We All Go Down

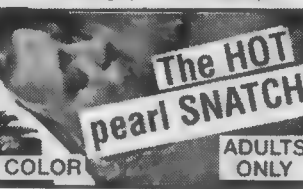
1969, BW - Directed by Gerard "Deep Throat" Damiano, this excellent example of gritty 60's NYC&WV sleaze has it all, drugs, boobs, orgies and terrible acting. Don't miss it!

The Girl Grabbers

1968, COLOR - Girl-hungry hoodlums on the loose in NYC! A true "nude-ruffie"

The Hot Pearl Snatch

1965, COLOR - A true tease and sleaze mess! Nude pearl divers, strippers, voodoo curse, entirely senseless yet titillating. From the same director who brought you "The Naked Complex"



Paris Ooh-La-La!

1963, COLOR - An American businessman goes on a 24-hour sex spree in Paris, ending up in the Crazy Horse Saloon where he gets more than an eye-fu! A "laff not" in the true nude-cutie tradition

A Woman In Love

1969, BW - A guy loses his marbles and tries seducing his friend's wife. When that doesn't work, he rapes his fiancée who he thinks is his step-sister! A truly strange nude film

18... And Ready

1968, BW - Sleaze film director and his lesbian talent agent wife lure young girls into a seething web of perverted thrills.

Hot-Blooded Woman

1965, BW - Young nymphomaniac can't resist exhibiting herself. She finally gets raped, sent to a nut house, etc. Directed by Dale Berry



Naughty New Orleans

1962, COLOR - Striptease bump-and-grind in the French Quarter

The Devil's Joint

1969, BW - Here's a true Something Weird find. A documentary on marijuana scare films of the 20s and 30s. It's a howl. Narrator is obviously pro-pot. The film was probably financed by wacked-out hippie drug dealers. A must-see!

The Commuter Game

1969, BW - Two suburban husbands rent an apartment in the city to use as a love pad. When their wives catch on they join in on the fun and games. Directed by Fred Karniel

That Tender Touch

1969, COLOR - Another fine nude tease flick. Directed by Russell Vincent

The Spy Who Came

1969, BW - A lesbian blackmailer makes incriminating movies of a police detective with a prostitute a week before his wedding. Another ruffie

One Shocking Moment

1965, BW - Director Ted V Mikels' "lost" nude tease film has bisexuality, sadomasochism, orgies and marriage. A rare discovery!

The Ultimate Voyeur

1969, BW - A man pays people to do weird things while he looks on. A real sickie

Ann and Eve

1969, COLOR - An 18-year-old girl meets a lesbian nightclub singer. They run off together only to have a shattering experience involving seduction and rape.

Rio Nudo

1969, COLOR - A voyeuristic view of Rio De Janeiro's red light district. "Orgies, prostitutes and exotic dancers in a frenzy of drinking, dancing and sensual abandon!"

The Games Men Play

1963, BW - A prostitute becomes ill with Bubonic Plague in a seedy hotel filled with sexually frustrated guests. Director Daniel Tinoyre

The Minx

1970, COLOR - Big-time shady business dealings, adulterous affairs and good old hanky-ponky make this the ultimate blend of sex and violence.

Kitten In A Cage

1968, BW - A strange sex melodrama involving a girl on the run, jewel thieves and lesbian topless dancers.

Brazen Women of Balzac

1969, COLOR - West Germany is responsible for this good-looking soft-core film involving the mistaken identity theme mistresses, orgies and big bazooms galore!

Country Girl

1967, COLOR - She uses a whiskey bottle in the wildest way imaginable! This film is "a Cadillac in the adult market"

Dracula, The Dirty Old Man

1968, COLOR - The ultimate nude horror comedy!

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Ooh-La-La! Private Peaks from Paris

Naughty French Postcards



Not the kind of postcards that you'd send home to ma, but hard-to-find collectibles from the turn of the century. Enjoy this look at a long-lost art- naughty French postcards!





GOOD TASTE **GONE BAD**



THE "ART" OF MITCH O'CONNELL

"Hilarious!" gasps *New City*.

"Dazzling, sophisticated, versatile and ingenious," gushes *Amazing Heroes*.

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Mitch is the award-winning, nationally exhibited fine artist whose work has appeared in *National Lampoon*, *Spy* and *Playboy*, among many publications.

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Rusty

A Gentleman and His Ladies

By Marianne Ohl Phillips

boat, from his home out on the Keys to his studio in town.

Rusty, enchanted by Gil's pin-ups, promptly went to the studio for a closer look to meet the artist. He became friendly with Elvgren and started hanging around. "I would often just sit on an old sofa in the studio just staring for hours at his paintings," said Rusty. "They were extraordinarily expressive...Gil could make a Mexican chorus girl look like a duchess and vice versa!"

Rusty was soon painting pin-ups himself, incorporating many of Gil's techniques, most notably the combination of softness and crispness seen in Elvgren's brush-work. Gil loaned him art books and critiqued his paintings; stressing the importance of using three different tones...light, gray and dark. Rusty's pin-ups reflect Gil's training, especially his faces which have innocent limpid eyes and "just been kissed" lips.



Don "Rusty" Rust is my idea of a true Southern gentleman...soft-spoken, chivalrous and sweet: the kind of fellow who puts a woman on a pedestal...paints her as he idealizes her...then has to paint out the halo.

Born in Erie, Pennsylvania, September 24, 1932, Rusty is of Irish-German descent. His grandfather, Emil Rust, was an illustrator for the Erie Lithograph Company. He painted circus posters, public bulletins, clowns, and related subjects. Rusty remembers sitting on his grandfather's lap, as a very small child, watching as he sketched Santas for Christmas cards. He thought this seemed a worthwhile occupation and began sketching on his own. Though Rusty has never had any formal art education, he's earned his living as an artist for many years.

Living in Florida since 1954, Rusty has a spacious well-lighted studio at home. He and his lovely wife, Faith, collect art and antiques. He paints, in oil, from photographs which he takes himself. Rusty learned photography out of necessity, but now enjoys taking pictures.

As a young man he was impressed by Norman Rockwell, not just by the expertise of his paintings, but by the kindness and sensitivity that went into painting them. A portrait of Rockwell, done by Rusty, hangs in the Rockwell Museum.

When it comes to pin-ups, Gil Elvgren has no rivals for Rusty's admiration. In 1965 he read an article about Elvgren in the local newspaper, which mentioned his commuting each day, by

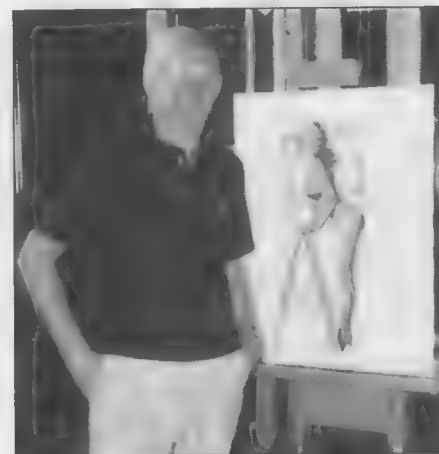
Rusty began his career as an artist painting signs. Over the years, his portfolio has grown to include wildlife, clowns, portraits and of course, Pin-Up Art. He has done calendars for Shaw-Barton, Brown and Bigelow, and Daydream Publishing; collector plates for The Bradford Exchange; wild-life prints for Blackwell Press; and the list goes on.

I asked this charming teddy bear of a man, "If you could magically be reborn in another age, what time period would you choose?" Smiling, he replied, "Tomorrow. I've had a nice life and would like very much to live it all over!"

So...Play it again, Sam...but this time with even more emphasis on the pin-up!



Top Left: "Say Cheesecake"; Top right; Irish McCalla by Rusty; Below left; "Julie"; Below; Rusty poses with his latest pin-up, "The Right Angles."



HOME-MADE CHEESECAKE

"Cheesecake" is the traditional term for art that features plenty of exposed leg. It's never out of style, and modern Pin-Up photographers and models are practicing their craft. Enjoy some examples of their latest work!



CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT: *Shadow and substance.* April Stephens contributes this thoughtful study of her favorite model, Kerri; April not only photographs beautiful models, she is one!; *Tanya is lean and lovely* in this snap shot that was contributed by her mom, Marianne Phillips. Greg Patterson gets the credit for the photography; *Reader Eric Dorr submits this vision in curls* for your inspection. It's Staci, one of our favorite rising stars. The photo is by John Busick; *Seein' spots? It's just Jungle Girl, Diana Ford!*





CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: *Lenny Provenzano captured this cheesecake shot of Laura; Lovely in leopard skin, model Heidi Johnson poses pretty for April Stephens; Herb Lichtenstein sends this image of Ariel, star of his one-woman show about Bettie Page. The production received rave reviews from everyone who saw it; Have a Coke and a smile with Dennis Coyle's latest discovery. We'd like to tell you who she is, but Dennis didn't include her name!; Caroline Williams takes on a classic cheesecake pose for lensman Brian Trevornon.*



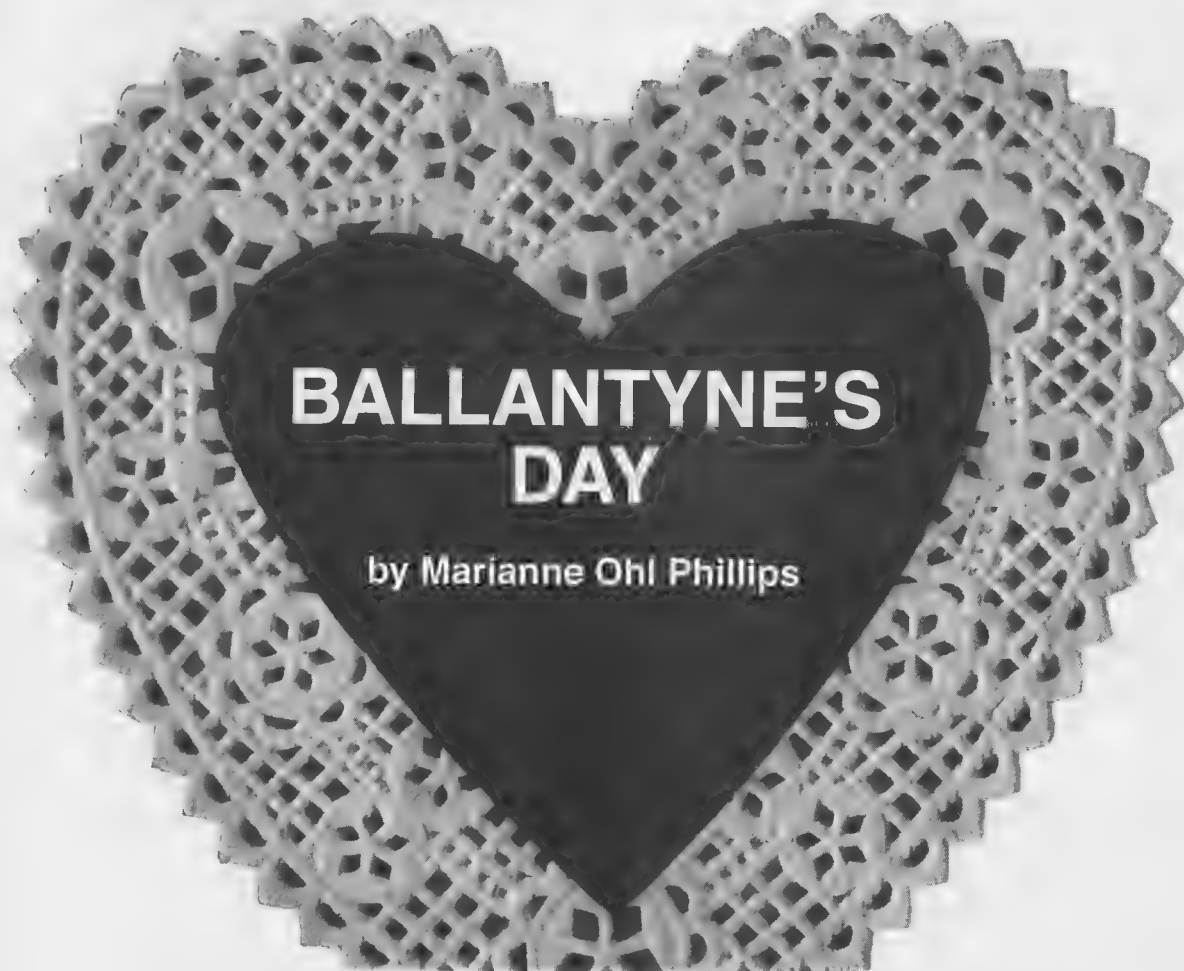
Amateur Pin-Up and Glamour photography is one of the nation's fastest growing hobbies. Whether it's their wives, girl friends, or professional models, shutter-bugs love to photograph the female form. Until now, there didn't seem to be many places where the budding pro could get his cheesecake snaps published. Most men's magazines demand a more graphic image than most photographers/subjects want to provide. **TEASE!** magazine now offers a home for your Glamour photos in our **HOME-MADE CHEESECAKE** department.

Never tried it? Grab the camera and a willing subject and have some fun. Try some sexy lingerie, heels, and other props to spice the setting up. Once you've taken a couple of rolls, pick the best three shots and submit them to **TEASE!**. Include photocopies of two pieces of identification from the model, as well as a signed model release. Mark your name, the model's name, and if somebody else took the shot, who the photographer is. If we use your photo-paper doll in **TEASE!** you and the model win a year's subscription to the magazine. Sorry, photos cannot be returned.

Send photos to **TEASE!**, 88 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2E, New York City, 10016, and here's looking for something artistic from YOU!



Just an Inkling



"I think women instinctively recognize 'sex appeal' in other women, groomed as we are since childhood, with such role models as Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, and Betty Grable. As an artist, I see immediately what makes a model physically appealing to a man...and paint it."

Joyce Ballantyne

Be it a pin-up, billboard, commercial or wild-life painting, Joyce Ballantyne loves it all. She is the proud mother of two daughters, whom she used as models at every opportunity. Her youngest, Cheri posed for the famous Coppertone billboard which shows a dog yanking down her swimsuit revealing an untanned bottom. Cheri was four years old at the time of this "brief exposure." Joyce's [other] daughter, Coby, also posed for a number of commercial illustrations.

Left: "Just An Inkling" was issued as a calendar for Shaw-Barton, and became an instant success.

Joyce welcomes me with a mischievous smile and two very large fat, Morris type, tabby cats named Burt and Ernie. Her home is happy, colorful, and filled with paintings done by her fellow artists...not to mention a life-sized soft sculpture of a mermaid, surrounded with glass bubbles, in the guest bathtub. This fantasy siren is bedecked with costume jewelry and has a beautiful body but a caricature face. I asked Joyce why the mermaid didn't have a pretty face. She smiled, "That would make her obscene instead of funny." After showing me her jacuzzi room, which contained a collection of Thornton Utz's tasteful nudes, Joyce



Top: The world famous Coppertone advertisement by Joyce.

Middle: Joyce (left) and Marianne Phillips in the Fall of 1993.

Bottom: Joyce at her easel, circa 1959.



and I sat down and began our interview.

M: *Tell me a little about your background.*

J: There's not much to tell...I was born in Norfolk, Nebraska, just after World War I. My father was in the film industry and we moved around a lot...Des Moines, Kansas City, Chicago, Los Angeles, Omaha...My sister and I got free passes to all the theaters which didn't hurt our image among friends and filled many an afternoon.

M: *When did you know you wanted to be an artist?*

J: That was purely accidental. I didn't realize it, but I was sort of blind until I was nine. I thought everyone saw things the way I did. It was difficult to read and my sister hogged the piano, so I drew a lot. Then my 4th grade teacher suggested I might need glasses, and an entirely new world opened up for me...but by that time drawing had become a habit.

M: *You graduated from high school in Omaha. Then what?*

J: Next came Nebraska University for two years, then the American Academy of Art in Chicago, for another two. That's where I met Gil Elvgren. He was my teacher of oil painting.

M: *What was it like having Elvgren for an instructor?*

J: He was a perfect gentleman and

very encouraging. His critiques were suggestions like...soften the lips...coaching me until I picked up his style. Gil was a talented, fun-loving sweet man. Everyone loved him. I miss him very much! He was a student of Haddon Sundblom, who did all those Coca Cola Santa Claus's.

M: *What did you do after receiving your diploma from the Academy of Art?*

J: This was just prior to World War II. Photography was still in its infancy, while illustration was in its heyday. There were so many excellent illustrators in the '30s and '40s...Norman Rockwell, Mead Shaeffer, J. C. Leyendecker, Dean Cornwell, Harold Von Schmidt...not to leave out...Jon Whitcomb, Ben Stahl, Coby Whitmore, Thornton Utz, Al Buell and many others.

In Chicago, artists would go to work for studios, becoming one of a group of artists called a stable. I joined Kling Studios for a short time, doing everything from drawing maps for Rand McNally to dictionary illustrations for Cunio Press...all the while taking my portfolio around to various other studios. They weren't all that enthusiastic about hiring female artists. I think we were considered risky investments or at least short term, due to getting married or pregnant.

Suddenly the draft was in full

swing and the boys were being called in fast, which opened doors for some of us gals. I kept hounding Stevens and Gross for a spot, because they featured oil painting as opposed to acrylic...besides, that's where Gil worked.

Earl Gross was reluctant to give me space; he thought the male artists would resent a female in their midst. He finally gave in, but stuck me in the most remote spot he could find...behind the shipping room! Thanks to Gil, I was

Joyce Ballantyne as painted by master artist Gil Elvgren. She was a favorite model of many top artists.



soon moved into the mainstream where I spent the next ten years...happy as a lark!

M: *Was it exciting seeing your work in print?*

J: Very exciting, especially in the beginning. One of my first assignments was a Christmas illustration for Taystee Bread which featured Santa Claus. Soon after I turned it in, I decided to travel to Omaha for the holidays. Long after midnight, as I was on a train going through a little town...I saw it, my Taystee Bread ad, not just on a billboard...but covering the entire side of a very large building!

M: *When did you begin painting pin-ups?*

J: Pin-ups were extremely popular during the war. Gil was painting



"I wonder if there are any sharks around?" says this curvey cutie. Perhaps she should be looking out for wolves!

pin-up full-time for Brown and Bigelow. He and Earl Gross arranged for me to do some for them. We painted the girl-next-door...caught in a delicate or unusual situation. I divided my time into four parts...1/4 for pin ups...1/4 **SPORTS AFIELD**...1/4 commercial illustration...and 1/4 for me and my projects.

M: *Did you ever do a pin-up for **SPORTS AFIELD**?*

J: Just once! One day at Cooper Studio, the editor of **SPORTS AFIELD** said he needed a special piece for the April issue...1947, I think. One month they would use a full page picture of a game bird, the next month a fish or an animal. I suggested he run a picture of a mermaid playing an April Fool's Day prank on fisherman by fouling their lines. He told me to paint it. Well, after they ran it, every Catholic organization in the country wrote in and said, "What is going on? This is supposed to be a boy's magazine. We don't want



any part of this kind of thing. Don't do it again!" The rugged fishermen among the readers said, "Great idea!"

M: *Who were some of your models?*

J: One was Barbara Hale (famous for her role as Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary). She was great! Barbara posed for many of the Chicago artists. She was the perfect model. Also we artists often posed for each other. In those days we had to pay a model \$15, but of course we would pose ourselves for free. Al Buell used to pose a lot. He was



Above: Elygren returns the favor and poses as a waiter. Joyce is seated at left.

Below left: Ballantyne model, Barbara Hale.

Below right: Monkeyshines!

very handsome and loved the spotlight! All of us modeled for Thornton Utz...for his many **SATURDAY EVENING POST** covers. Thornton is a dear friend and a terrific artist!

I remember one time when Coby Whitmore asked me to pose for him. All of the other artists lived in the suburbs, but I lived downtown. Coby called and woke me up at three o'clock in the morning to ask if I'd model for him. I asked if it couldn't wait and he said no. So I got up, dressed, walked across the street, and up the stairs to his studio. I posed for two paintings. One with me on the phone, and the other holding a cocktail glass. The next night he called and woke me again! It seemed the client didn't want a cocktail in the girl's hand, but a cigarette instead. I said, "Can't you imagine the cigarette and alter the hand a little? It wouldn't take much." But Colby said no. So back I went. I had to give him a hand!

But getting back to pin up models...it wasn't who they were that mattered but the formula form. The perfect pin-up girl had a short-

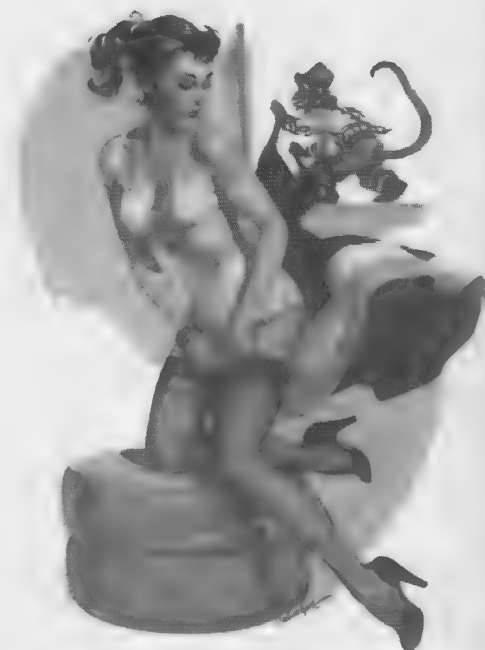
er, hour-glass figure, slightly plumpish.

M: *Was it fun working with Gil and Al and the other Chicago artists?*

J: Sure. We'd play chess, critique each other's work, play tricks on one another, toast Happy Hour...

M: *What kind of tricks?*

J: Well, I remember one we pulled on Ben Stahl. He was working on a series of painting featuring Army Jeeps. Because of the war, Jeeps weren't being sold to the public, so Ben was painting them into war scenes. They were beautiful paintings. All this time Ben was terrified he might be drafted at any minute. So one day we called him on the phone, disguised our voices, and told him, "Mr. Stahl, we would like you to appear before the draft board." Poor Ben, he came flying into the studio screaming, "They did it! I have to report for the draft on Monday!" I swear within 15 minutes he was on a plane flying down to Philadelphia to meet with the Studebaker and Jeep people! He insisted they put him on a retainer for the war effort so he wouldn't have to go into the Army. And they did it! While Ben was on that plane, we were all sitting around laughing like crazy. He never found out what we'd done. About 10 years ago I flew down to



Ballantyne did detailed studies like this one prior to painting the finished version. This type of careful planning ironed out the problems, giving the final version a spontaneously painted look.





Mexico to visit him. I told him then.

M: Earlier you mentioned Norman Rockwell; did you ever meet him?

J: Yes I did. Earl Gross found out he was coming to Chicago and we all wanted to meet him. Being adventurous, I called him up and said, "Mr. Rockwell, we're all artists here...we'd like to meet you and take you out." He was delighted. We stayed out until four or five in the morning. Rockwell drew silly sketches on everybody's napkins. It was great fun!

M: How did you meet your husband, Jack Brand?

J: I decided to join the Actor's Club in Chicago. My lawyer took me in to introduce me, then I had to be voted on. It was early in the afternoon and the place was empty. Jack walked in with his Dick Tracy raincoat. I said to myself, "That's for me!" We hadn't even been introduced. Six weeks later we were married.

A few months later, Jack signed up for U.S. Steel Hour as their emcee...so we moved to New York and I was hired by Cooper Studios.

M: How did the Coppertone ad come about?

J: Like most others...they came in with a stick-figure drawing of a little girl with a dog pulling down her swimsuit, and I developed it from there. I did five sketches and they chose one.

M: It's become one of the most famous ads in the world!

*Joyce excelled at line drawings, too. Here is are a handful of illustrations done for **SPORTS AFIELD** (Jan. 1951).*

J: I know, and I didn't even sign it!

In 1974, the family moved to Florida. Jack became co-owner of a local television station. Joyce continued working through her agent in New York and also painted portraits, one of which hangs in the Chief of Staff Gallery at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C.

*All in all, Joyce was a contributor to **SPORTS AFIELD** for 35 years and made several foreign trips to do paintings about fishing abroad.*

*During her career, she painted innocently provocative pin-ups for Sylvania Television, Goodrich Tire, Dow Chemical, **PENTHOUSE**, **ESQUIRE**, Shaw-Barton, as well as Brown and Bigelow.*

Last year, Avalanche Publishing produced a 1994 pin-up calendar featuring twelve different artists. February shows a delightful lass packaged in little or nothing and tied with a ribbon. The original painting was done by Joyce in 1945.

M: Do you enjoy seeing your pin ups reprinted?

J: It's fun and it sure brings back memories. I like having pin up as part of my repertoire...variety is the spice of life. I wish **TEASE!** all sorts of luck with your revival of this phase of art.



HALF-TIME SHOW

Well, here we are at the mid-point of the first issue of TEASE! As an editor and designer, the centerfold is my favorite spot in the book. It's the only place in the book where you can run a picture over two pages, without a seam. Lots of editors overlook the opportunity to stretch out here, but as far as I'm concerned, it's my showcase, and *should* be used lavishly. So, every issue of TEASE! Magazine will feature our HALF-TIME SHOW at the mid-point of the magazine. Count on getting the finest in illustration and photography that I can put my hands on. This section is designed to be removed and posted. Don't be shy, it's part of the Pin-Up tradition!

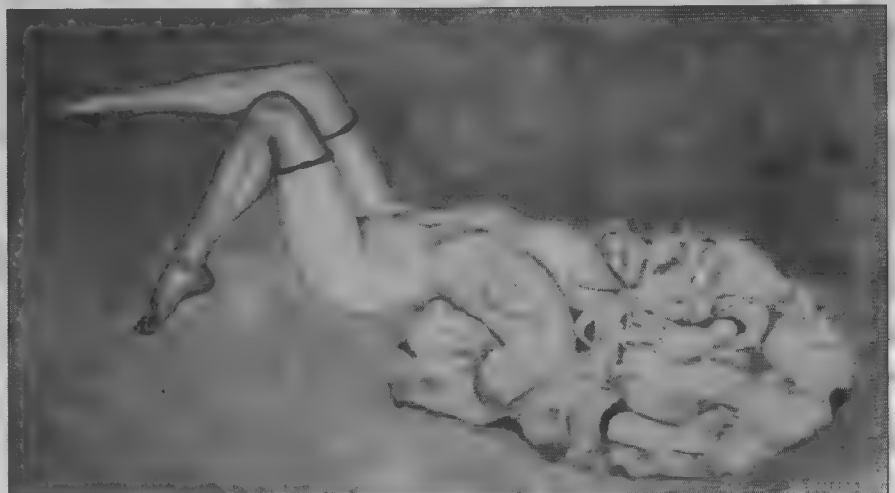
When I sat down to plan the centerfold of the first issue of TEASE!, it wasn't a matter of deciding who would do the honors. There is only one painter living that I would entrust the job to: Olivia DeBerardinis. She's the reigning World Champ when it comes to painting pin-ups, so the choice was logical. The only real problems I had to deal with was would she and her husband, Joel Beren, agree to let us use one of her pieces, and if so, which one? As usual, they were kind and gracious, and agreed immediately.

Clearly, she's produced hundreds of great paintings that would qualify. But I wanted something special.

I've visited Joel and Olivia in their Malibu home, and the last time I was there, Olivia was working on her latest painting. It was bigger than my front door, and was being laid out in pencil. I remember looking forward to someday seeing the finished piece. Little did I know it would be at a Pin-Up collector's show, that I would finally get my wish. There, amid thousands of posters, calendar art, originals and prints by the world's greatest Good-Girl Artists, Olivia's painting beat them all. "Bon Bons" stole the show, and in my estimation it's the best work she's ever produced: her masterpiece.



Right: Two studies that developed into the completed work. The model is named Rhonda, and she's is one of Olivia's favorite subjects.





OLIVIA'S Masterpiece

"Bon Bons"

Now!
OPEN
24
HOURS

NEWEST HOTTEST
ADULT HITS

Sex

LIVE
NUDE
REVIEW

Gaiety Gaiety



REX
THEATRE
YOU MUST BE
21
TO ENTER

eMol/94

JOHN WATERS

Underage and Overexposed

*The true confessions of a teen ager with a movie ticket in his hand
and his soul on the way to the Devil!*

John Waters may be the most popular underground director who ever graced the screen. He's kindly agreed to be interviewed for our first issue of TEASE!

Theakston: I've got to tell you what a treat is to finally get to talk with you. I've been a fan of your work since the early 1970s.

Waters: Thank you, I've enjoyed your work too. I just finished the **BETTY PAGES ANNUAL**. It has a great long interview with her that's really amazing. Good work on your part. I read all of it and was pleased with it.

GT: Thanks, it's the end of a long trail.

JW: I'm so amazed that somebody, somewhere hasn't gotten a picture of her.

GT: I don't think it would be worth that much money, and that would be the only reason to take one.

JW: I'd think that one of her obsessive fans... You know I'm curious, but in a way don't ever want to see it. You know what I mean? It would be too mean to do it. I'm surprised that **PLAYBOY** did that big thing on her.

GT: I was very flattered that you decided to use **THE BETTY PAGES** in your new movie, **SERIAL MOM**.

JW: There's a picture in **FILM THREAT**.

GT: I guess it's a sign that I've somehow "arrived".

JW: Well, what's next?

GT: The magazine that this interview is for— **TEASE!** magazine. We'll be covering some of the same territory that we did in **THE PAGES**. Photographers, artists, models, dancers...

JW: My favorite of all was Libby Jones. Every year somebody runs a memorial ad in **VARIETY**. She was great. Divine and I used to watch her at the Gaiety Burlesque,

which is a big thing on "The Block" in Baltimore. It's where Lenny Bruce met his wife. The famous burlesque and vaudeville place. The Gaiety is gone now.

GT: When did you catch your first strip show?

JW: I guess about 1963 when I was a senior in high school.

GT: Did you go alone?

JW: To begin with, but then I took Divine. There was a stripper in Baltimore who was known as Zorro. She was really butch, and looked like Johnny Cash. She'd come out nude, and say, "What are you looking at?" to the men. I remember that they still had the baggy pants comedians. And they couldn't show pubic hair, so they would take their little G-strings and tie them around their leg. And there were raids, and the girls would quickly reattach them. It was like **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**. I think the admission was two dollars, which seemed expensive then, and they would let anybody in. I was not 18 and they never asked. It was a big influence on us. Divine and I.

GT: You liked the showgirl style?

JW: Yes, I liked the styles. Very much like the Bettie Page era. Even though it was the early 1960s, they were still wearing their hair in the older styles. Burlesque



*Left: Divine prepares to rid the world of
Connie and Raymond Marble in Waters'
PINK FLAMINGOS.*

dancers and strippers don't have that liberated look. They're always about five years behind in what is sexy to men that like it. Always big hair and too much make-up. Never cutting edge of fashion. Always retro in a way.

GT: Were you much of a Pin-up art fan?

JW: I remember that you'd put money into a machine and get post cards of strippers, and then they had the male version. Both of those things I saw at a young age.

There was a scene in CRY-BABY that got cut out that featured Traci Lords getting picked



The legendary Edith Massey as illustrated by Mûch O'Connell.

up while she was hitchhiking. The scene got completely cut out, but the driver was this cheezy pin-up photographer, and there was a scene in his studio with men and women posing in these cheezy outfits. It got too far away from the main story.

Edith Massey worked around strippers. She worked at the Gaiety.

GT: Yeow.

JW: Not as a stripper! She was never a stripper that I know of. She was a madam, but she worked in the bars, and she'd mother the drunks. The B-girls would come around and be sexy, but Edie would get the ones who wanted to cry in their beer. That was her specialty.

GT: Did you find her in a bar?

JW: Yes. Not a strip bar. In a bar called Pete's Hotel. She worked at the Gaiety before I met her. I never saw her there, but I know people who had.

GT: Did she have the same style back then?

JW: Edie in MULTIPLE MANIACS, that IS Pete's Hotel. That's the bar where she worked, and she looked exactly like that. She knew a lot of strippers. I *still* know a lot of strippers. Five years ago I went back to The Block

with a stripper I know. We went backstage and half of the strippers are men, and the audience doesn't even know it! They have tits and a dick. They seem to be the stripper types though.

GT: There's a certain show-off quality to that scene, but I guess that's the same with all entertainers.

JW: Blaze Starr is Baltimore's most famous stripper. She had a jewelry cart that she took around to malls, and she sells her creations.

GT: Did you ever see her work?

JW: Lots of times. I even saw her later in her career when she was appearing. We were mixing DESPERATE LIVING. Divine and I saw her working as late as 1978 or '79. Chesty Morgan is in SERIAL MOM. Not acting, but in scenes from SECRET AGENT 73, where she has the cameras implanted in her breasts!

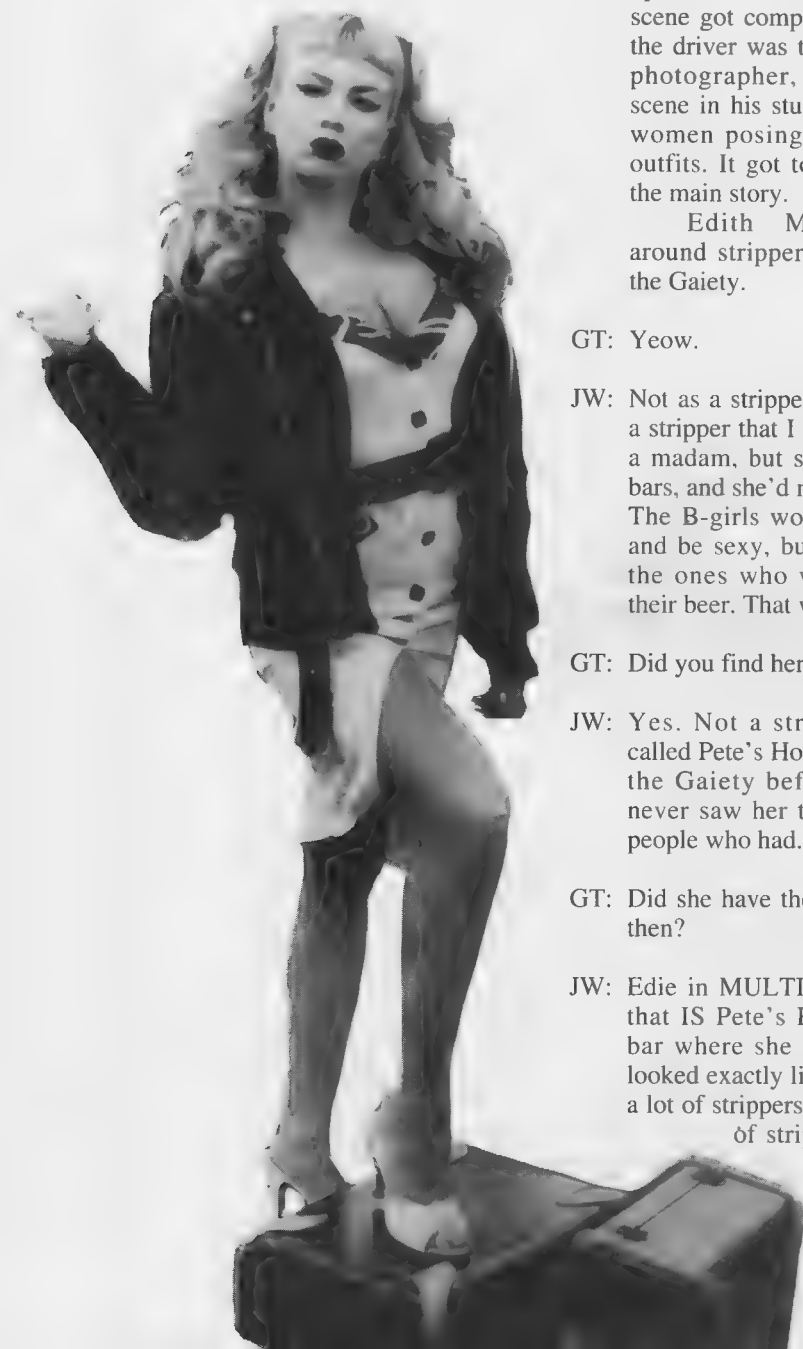
GT: Are you a big fan of the sexploitation films?

JW: I saw all of them, are you kidding? I grew up on nudist camp movies.

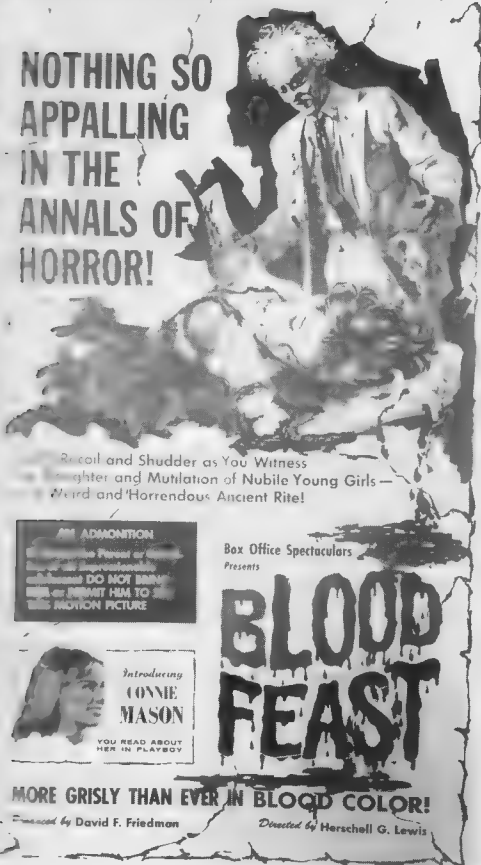
GT: Doris Wishman...?

JW: I don't really know who made them. They were hardly auteurs! I went to all of the Swedish movies. There was a theater in Baltimore called the Rex, and that was where you saw dirty movies. This was way before hardcore. I went there every week. Vivian Pearce used to go with me a lot. THAR SHE BLOWS was a great one. We used to roar with laughter, some of it was so hilarious. The kind of movies that the nuns would tell us we'd go to Hell for seeing. Like THE BED.

I used to amuse myself, in sixth grade, by pretending that I owned a dirty movie theater and I would redesign ad campaigns and imagine the horror it would cause in the community. I would make up ads for THE BED, MOM AND DAD, LOVE IS MY PROFESSION. Movies that would send us to Hell if we saw. I used to fantasize that I owned the Rex,



**NOTHING SO
APPALLING
IN THE
ANNALS OF
HORROR!**



The original ad campaign for BLOOD FEAST.

the dirty theater. I never got caught, but I can imagine if I had... I have a scene very much like that in SERIAL MOM, where the teacher catches a kid doing a drawing for BLOOD FEAST. It's similar.

GT: I guess a lot of what shows up in your movies is...

JW: ...based on something in my life. Some is; some isn't. The drive-in is part of that. We went to the drive-in, every single night for three years. Seven days a week. It didn't matter if the same movie was playing. I got arrested once at the drive-in for drinking. It was really mortifying. In court, it came out that one of the girls was seen urinating outside of the car. My parents were very impressed by that. But that was all underage stuff. I can still be a postman if I need to be.

GT: Getting back to the movie stuff, sex and violence seem to be the mainstays of...

JW: But *then*, sex and violence were a no-no. There were laws that you couldn't do it. Now, there are none of those taboos left, so there are really no more sexploitation movies left. Now Hollywood makes them with movie stars in them. That's all that's different. So there's really nothing left to do that will shock you. When I first saw BLOOD FEAST, or TWO THOUSAND MANIACS it was a huge shock. The same way the movies at the Rex made you... It was a completely different experience than it is now. Baltimore had a censor board, too. One of the only places that did in the country. I had to go down there all the way up to DESPERATE LIVING. It was a nightmare for me. The MPAA is just a national version of the same thing if you ask me. It was not easy to see those kinds of movies in Baltimore. The sex stuff they couldn't cut, but the violence they couldn't, which is very American. It's still like that. I have no desire to see real violence, no desire to ever, ever see a snuff movie, or FACES OF DEATH. I love fake violence, but I don't like it on the news. I saw the Rodney King thing once, and then turned away from it every other time. I hate looking at real violence.

GT: It works in a cartoon setting.

JW: When you know it's not real, it's a completely different thing.



GT: Unlike a sex movie, where it's more personal understanding.

JW: I guess everybody remembers their first sex movie. For me it was more like condemned movies, not really sex movies. BABY DOLL was the one that will make me burn in Hell forever. But that's hardly what people think of as sex films; it was Tennessee Williams. The first dirty movie I ever saw was probably PROMISES, PROMISES with Jayne Mansfield. I love Jayne anyway. It was pretty dirty. I remember they turned me away because I was too young, and I got some fake I.D.

GT: Divine was a Mansfield fan, too, wasn't he?

JW: Divine was sort of a twisted version of Jayne Mansfield, and a big





influence on Divine's work and look. Who knows, if Jayne had lived, she might have ended up being very much like Divine. Picture her coming down Hollywood Boulevard with a chain-saw, weighing 300 lbs!. If she'd kept up with her debauched life.

GT: In a leather outfit.

JW: Yes. I'm sorry she didn't live, of course. **THREE NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT** was a favorite movie. More like **THE ISLE OF LEVANT**. All that nudist camp stuff. Blaze Starr was in a Doris Wishman nudist movie. I don't even remember the titles, because they were so ludicrous: **SINDERELLA AND THE GOLDEN BRA**, **GOLDIE-LOCKS AND THE THREE BARES**.

GT: That kind of parody title is still popular today.

JW: The same thing. But better and funnier titles. I don't know, I don't watch the new ones as much. There are so many of them now. And the taboo is broken, and

once you've seen it. But I do get **ADULT VIDEO NEWS**, and that's great.. It's the **VARIETY** of porno. I love it. It has all of the charts like **BILLBOARD**. And the writing is good. Two of the latest features are called "With Friends Like This, Who Needs Enemas?" and another was "All Dressed Up and Nobody to Blow". Pretty funny.

*Above: The fabulous Jayne.
Below: The infamous AVN.*



GT: Do you ever make it into comic book stores?

JW: Yes, there's a great one here in Baltimore called Atomic Books, and they have everything. Great store. Better than Amok Books in Los Angeles. They're good too, but I'm having trouble finding their new store. Last time I went there it was gone. The old place was tiny, though, so I hope they've moved to a bigger store. I loved going there.

GT: There seems to be a growing audience for all of these new magazines, like **HYPNO**, **ACCESS**, **FUTURE SEX**, and so on. I wonder how many of those readers cross over into your. One of the main reasons I wanted to have you in the first issue is because I wanted to appeal to your customers. I think that we share some similar sensibilities. People with an alternative view.

JW: Or just obsessives. You ought to survey people to find out who they jerked off to! A celebrity column. Then find the fantasy person today, if they're alive!

GT: All right, you can be the first person to reveal that to **TEASE!**.

JW: No, no, no, no, no, no, no...

GT: Come on, you're first in line. Who was your first jerk-off fantasy?

JW: ...no, no, no! Absolutely not! I'm already doing your job by suggesting it. I'm not going to play both ends of it! I would NEVER tell that, but some people would be stupid enough to say.

GT: Or the person they're most obsessed with.

JW: **THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE** covered that stuff a little bit.

GT: Yes, Gay Talese wrote about Betty Page and Hugh Hefner in that context...

JW: You know in the porno business they try to hide the fact that somebody is dead because people can't jerk off to somebody they know is dead. They always cover it up. In the gay porno business a lot of them are dead. They hide it always.

GT: I know, you can't look at John Holmes. In that same vein, I heard a researcher back in 1967 or 68, and he said that he'd seen the autopsy photos of John Kennedy with a big piece of his head missing. The guy said that they shouldn't be released to the public, because they would remember Kennedy the way the guy did: with a piece of his head gone.

JW: Somebody sent me them and I didn't want to look at them. I don't like real violence.

GT: It's the same with Holmes. There's always that AIDS thought when I see him.

JW: When I see Holmes I just think 'There's a guy with a big dick' The weight defies gravity.

GT: I heard that if he got completely erect, he'd pass out.

JW: That sounds like an old Milton Berle rumor. I think you're getting your stories mixed up.

GT: I pinned the guy who told me, and he swore to god it was true.

JW: Another Hollywood rumor.

GT: I know, but it's the kind people love to hear. Especially when they can clearly picture it in their minds.

Lets get back to the girls. Who were some of your favorite sexpots?

JW: Well, of course Jayne Mansfield. Let's see. Capucine was one I always really loved. Just Jayne I guess. Nobody could top her. She invented that kind of sexpot act. She took what Marilyn did and turned it into a ludicrous L.A. joke, which is what I loved about her. It was so insane; she was the first female female impersonator.

GT: It's true, all of those same elements, but on a woman. A caricature.

JW: They all are a little bit. Jessica Rabbit come to life. That's what Traci Lords was— Jessica Rabbit.

GT: Did you like **WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT**?

*Below: Carroll Bakker lounges around her crib in **BABYDOLL**, a movie that would get you a spot in **hades**.*



Above: Mitch O'Connell delivers this drawing of Divine.

JW: Well.. I thought that technically it was amazing. I liked it.. It's not one of my all-time favorite films, but I liked it..

GT: What do you think of today's female sexpots?

JW: I wasn't crazy about **SLIVER**, it was kind of funny because it was so weak, but I like Sharon Stone. She's great. I can't think of any other right off because today they don't really have that. Not women who are just sexpots. The Barbie twins; they're sexpots. I like them, but they're so scary.



GT: Are you pleased with the way SERIAL MOM turned out?

JW: Oh yes, I love it! Exactly the way that I wanted it. I just saw it for the first time last week completely done.

GT: It's tough to get your full inspiration realized in the final product, so you're lucky.

JW: It's the first film I ever done where the movie is exactly like the script. I didn't have to cut out huge parts. It's the closest to what I set out to do than anything else I've done.

GT: Why is that?

JW: I think I've been doing it so long that each time I get a little closer. I no longer waste time with stuff that's not going to end up being in it.. I've learned from my past mistakes.

I've done about twelve movies in thirty years, so it's not too bad. The first couple, ROMAN CANDLES and HAG IN A BLACK LEATHER JACKET aren't exactly real movies.

GT: Experimental movies.

JW: Drop-out movies would be a bet-

ter description.

GT: Practice any way you look at it. So what's the topic of your next film?

JW: I don't really know yet.. When I start to do the next one I take the phones off the hook. I say "Monday I'm going to start" and I lock myself in my house, and the answer is in my house somewhere. I look through all of my stuff, my files. I know it's in here somewhere. I do that every time. But, I can't start thinking about the next film until this one is completely finished. This one is about crime, so the next one will be something else.

GT: Had you considered doing a story like Betty Page's?

JW: CRYBABY was my '50 movie, but I don't want to do another vintage thing. I've covered every decade that I've been alive. HAIR-SPRAY was the '60s, POLY-ESTER was the '70s. The next one will be contemporary, SERIAL MOM. It was nice to get back to the present day.

GT: Technically easier, too.

JW: Yes, you don't have to find every

car, lamp post. I've used the Pin-Up stuff a lot in my movies. In FEMALE TROUBLE, Divine has that little stage in her house. Certainly it's been covered.

When is Hollywood going to do the Bettie Page story?

GT: I don't know. I understand that there are several scripts floating around. But, I get the feeling that the Page fad has subsided. After the PLAYBOY piece, what's left?

JW: Did PEOPLE ever do a piece on her? She's a public figure. I'm sure they could get a picture of her going into her house.

GT: I don't think she'd cooperate.

JW: That's why the interview in the ANNUAL is so great. It was your big pay-off after all those years looking. She gave you really good stuff.

GT: True. She was very helpful.

JW: Well, I can't wait to see the new magazine when it comes out.

GT: Ditto on your new SERIAL MOM film..



Left: John Waters, Divine and Tab Hunter on the set of Waters's POLYESTER



PALM READER



*Pick a card...
any card*

*A new deck in
your future*

Make-up by Kian Stave

Time was, most collectors cards featured pictures of America's healthiest males. Nowadays you'll find America's healthiest females, too. Adult-oriented trading cards are the newest addition to the old tradition of "Collect 'em all!"

Over the past couple of years, sport and non-sport card collecting has exploded as a hot new hobby. Now it's not just professional sports stars, it's everything from old-fashioned monster cards to the latest rock stars. Hundreds of kinds are available, and with numbers like that, it's a good bet you'll find something that you'll like. Established giants and upstart newcomers are battling it out for a chunk of the market, and since nothing sells like sex, a whole product has been invented: Adult Trading Cards.

It's doubtful that you'll see many adults "trading" these cards.



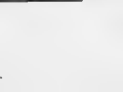
Proof that trading cards aren't just for kids! This is one of two dozen new brands designed for much bigger boys and girls.

Customers will either buy a few, just to see what they look like, or they'll buy a whole pre-sorted set. Too bad, because part of the joy of collecting is the social ritual that goes with trading items with a member of another tribe.

Also missing is the stick of gum that was a standard ingredient for decades. Originally, this pink ticket to Sugar-Charge City was the only reason for the purchase. The cards were the premium that they offered to get you to kick for chicle. Today's collectors complain that it damages the cards, so it's been removed. One-time candy companies are now card houses. The pasteboards may be in better shape for the removal of the gum, but what a loss. The sweet taste and rich smell were the soundtrack that backed up the pictures.

On the other hand, the cards have never been better. Top illustrators are contributing their talents to

Continued on third page following

	TITLE	# IN SET	SURFACE	FRONT DESIGN	BACK DESIGN	IMAGES	TEXT	ACES AND BUM DEALS	
	Pin-up Girls by Vargas	50 in set 8 in packs	Plastic fronts, varnished backs	1/8" white border. Art surrounded by a color pin-stripe, and Vargas' signature.	Each back is designed to complement the face. Well art-directed.	Alberto Varga's greatest ESQUIRE centerfolds in full color. Full figures are beautifully reproduced.	Background notes on Varga and the paintings. Well-written and informative.	50 "Prizm" cards. Card backs feature sketches, variations, and details of the art on the front.	
	Frazetta Trading Cards	90 in set 10 in packs	Plastic fronts and backs	Illustrations only	Multi-colored backs with a spatter pattern and attractive border	Frazetta's fantasy paintings are world-famous. Though these cards don't always feature females, plenty can be found in these sets.	Quotes from Frazetta, but they don't always match the subject of the cards.	Chromium cards are a bonus in some packs Reproduction varies. Splatter design on backs make text difficult to read.	
	Gil Elvgren Trading Cards	90 in set 8 in packs	Plastic fronts and backs	Illustrations only	Attractive, multi-colored backs with color portraits from the fronts. Very pretty.	Elvgren's legendary Brown and Bigelow paintings. Some of Gil's finest work. Not a loser in the bunch.	The snappy patter about the images and artist is entertaining.	Though the art is cropped, and the two-column format makes the text hard to read, this deck is a winner!	
	Steve Woron's Female Fantasy Trading Cards	72 in set 8 in packs	Varnished on both sides	Design work varies from card to card, depending upon the illustration	Veined marble in purple, with reversed yellow type Attractive border.	Mostly water colored line art by Woron. The drawings tend to look stiff. Duotone images look good	Woron answers 72 questions about his career and business	Not bad, but nothing special, either.	
	Fantasy to Reality: Luis Royo Trading Cards	90 in set 10 in packs	Plastic fronts and backs	Illustrations only.	Multi-colored backs with a cloud-like background. Attractive borders.	Fantasy and science fiction illustrations with the occasional female pictured.	Quotes and notes from Royo about the paintings in the set.	Nice if you like Royo's art, but not really for the casual buyer.	
	Women In Terror Pulp Covers	56 in set 8 in packs	Plastic fronts varnished backs	Illustrations surrounded by a 1/8" white border.	Pale images of women in danger. 1/8" white border.	Pulp covers from HORROR STORIES and TERROR TALES . Some of the wildest paintings ever published!	Informative and well-written comments by Robert Weinberg, a leading pulp historian	Die-pressed premium cards are a plus. Though the covers aren't as bright as the original magazines, this is an easy and inexpensive way to own some of the strangest art every produced	
	Women In Peril Weird Covers by M. Brundage	56 in set 8 in packs	Plastic fronts varnished backs	Illustrations surrounded by a 1/8" border.	Pale images of women in terror. 1/8" white borders.	The legendary WEIRD TALES pulp covers by Margaret Brundage. Atmospheric and haunting paintings.	More fine text about the early pulps by Weinberg.	Die-pressed cards a bonus. A great collection of great art for a fraction of the cost of the originals.	
	Spicey Collector's Cards 1 & 2	36 cards in sets only	Plastic fronts, uncoated backs	1/8" white borders	A solid block of text. No frills	Reproductions of rare and classic girlie book covers from the 1930s and 1940s. Top artists and unknowns producing great images of women.	Notes on the artists and the publications that they worked for. Good basic data	A great collection of snappy covers from the Golden Age of tease pulps. Beautiful two-piece boxes hold them all	
	Betty Page: Private Peeks	40 cards in sets only	No plastic or varnish	1/4" border in gold colored ink.	Giant two-color puzzle featuring Bettie Page.	Black and white photos of Bettie Page from the Klaw studios. Some of her best work.	None.	Cheap production values cost this deck big points. The photo reproduction is generally poor. A no-frills package, for sure.	
	Page Pix	36 cards in sets only	No plastic or varnish.	2/3 of the cards are photos in the shape of a large "B". 1/3 is her name in large type.	Black and white photo of Bettie, logo, and text.	Rare color photos of Bettie by professionals and amateurs. Nudes and fully clothed shots. Quality of color varies due to some weak original material	Too brief, too thin on fact, and sometimes misleading	It's a thin deck, the backs are a wash-out, and 1/3 of the front is wasted. Still, it's a must-have item for those great color shots of Bettie	
	Playboy Centerfold Cards	129 in set 10 in packs	Plastic on both sides	Three types of designs.	Three varieties to match the face of the cards.	PLAYBOY covers, centerfolds and Playmates.	Three backs that match the cover subjects.	A great set, and a great way to celebrate forty years of the magazine that changed the way we look at sex. Recommended.	
	Hustler Collector's Cards 1 & 2	100 in set 11 in packs	Plastic on both sides	A dark blue marble border of 1/8" on the sides, and 1/2" at the top	Pink marble borders with additional color photos.	HUSTLER girls from the past, featuring explicit nudity. Detailed nudity without close-up photography. Glossy images.	A 1-800 number!! Stats on the ladies and quotes from them.	The 1-800 number adds a cheezy quality to the product. Great photography, but without photog credits.	
	Lady and the Serpent	40 cards in sets only	Varnished fronts uncoated backs	1/4" borders in five colors.	Line art of snakes, no borders or color.	Photographs of women handling various reptile, mostly snakes. Shots date from ancient to modern times.	Information on the images is minimal, sometimes a little as twenty words.	Side-show style collector's cards are fun, but the black and white photos vary in quality. Cheap trim job left nubs on all card edges.	
	Video Vixens Volumes 1 & 2	48 cards in sets only	Plastic fronts	Some have borders of 1/8", in colored marble. Other cards are all photographs.	Ancient works of art on all cards, some have a second shot of the model from the	Semi-explicit photos of beautiful women. Great photography	Model's name and birth year, or nothing at all.	The use of the ancient art is a silly attempt to add class to the set. Pretty girls? Yes. A reason to collect them all? No.	
	Pocket Pin-Ups	36 cards in sets	no plastic coat	1/8" white borders	Text only.	Magazine covers from the 1950s featuring lots of pin-up stars and actresses.	Mini-bios on the women by girlie expert, Max Alan Collins.	A good selection of magazine covers, though a few show wear. The information is worth the price of admission. Solid.	
	Painted Ladies	36 cards in sets only	no plastic coat	1/8" white borders	Text only.	A nice selection of Pin-Up Art by the masters of the medium.	Fact and figures about the people who painted these beautiful women.	An excellent who's who of Pin-Up Art with good examples. A great place to start a pin-up collection.	

Sexual Scientist

A Child Among the Playboys

a personal memoir of
one woman's evolution

By Kate Worley

Most champions of "family values" would deplore many aspects of my upbringing. My father died before I turned four, and I was raised by a single, working mother. I wasn't raised in any religious tradition, and given little sense of social responsibility. That I grew up to be a reasonably successful writer, with what I believe to be a healthy sense of self, is no doubt due to a number of factors. But the average moralist will no doubt be surprised to learn that I count my big brother's collection of girlie magazines among those influences.

I'm told that I learned to read by the time I was a little over two years old. My store of memories doesn't go back quite that far, but there are photos of me holding a book and a baby bottle, which don't look staged. I do know that I was reading quite fluently well before I entered Kindergarten, as I remember coming home from one of my earliest school days to the excitement of a new **READER'S DIGEST**, and sitting down right away to read it. This I know is true; no one reminded me of it later, and I can still remember one of the things I read, an "Adventures from Real Life" about a world-famous diver's attack by a great white shark.

That I was reading **READER'S DIGEST** with such enthusiasm says something about the indiscriminate nature of child readers. I've heard the same story from almost every friend who learned to read at an early age. For the very young, advanced reader, there is something so magical in the very experience of translating the letters of

the alphabet into words, and words into meaning, that all material is met with unquestioning, equal delight.

My family didn't have a great deal of money, and I never had vast quantities of toys. But books were never skimped on. I always had the largest pile of books when the Scholastic Book Club orders came into my classrooms at school, and my mother frequently picked up books at garage sales and from friends to feed my enormous reading habit. The public library helped there, too. (Though in many ways it was a more expensive option; I began my life-long habit of having books overdue from the very start of my borrowing career.)

No restrictions were ever placed on the material that I was allowed to read,



Above: Kate was also a figure model.

that I can recall. Not that there was likely to be anything spicy around our house at that time. But that began to change about the time my brother came of age.

I hadn't much chance to explore my brother's library. No one ever forbade me on the basis that the books weren't suitable for children; it's that they were his, and Chuck was possessive about his space and things, as older brothers always are.

Chuck continued with his education at the recently opened junior college in our town, and lived at home. Well, that is to say, he usually slept at our house; he was twenty-one, member of a fraternity, and with an ever-larger

group of friends and interests. With him out of the house, I began to raid his room, and I found out more about his interests, which is how I discovered skin magazines. It was in an old tin wardrobe that I found (along with several half-full bottles of Ripple) his stash: **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE**.

I remember the top magazine was a copy of **PLAYBOY**, but the specific contents are lost in memory. It didn't take me long, however to realize why it was locked away, and why I'd better make sure nobody ever knew that I read it; this was clearly venturing into forbidden adult ground, as it was clearly about S-E-X!

Not that I knew much about sex, you understand. It didn't even have the flavor of the forbidden; it was simply not discussed. But nudity I knew about, having had the common experience of playing at stripping with several of my girlfriends. We knew nothing to speak of about sex before puberty, but nudity was exciting and forbidden. The association of nudity with sex was just beginning to coalesce in my mind. And here was this magazine packed solid with pictures of naked women. Very naked women. And I had scarcely ever seen an adult female naked at that time.

There was something, too, about the attitude of the women in the pictures. As often as not, they were looking directly at the camera, and they were often smiling. They were naked, yes, but they were clearly naked on purpose...and not ashamed of the fact. And there was something about that smile, and the frank acceptance of the models of their nudity that struck a nerve.

I don't know if it happened from the start, but somewhere along the line, very early, I noticed something else; a pleasurable shiver that would run through my mid-sections I looked at the pictures. It was years before I recognized the sensation as sexual arousal. All I knew at the age of ten—all, in fact, that I knew before the age of fourteen—was that looking at pictures of naked women made me feel...good, in a way that nothing else did.

But there was much more to discover, besides the appeal of voyeurism. I remember finding the Party Jokes page, on the back of one side of the centerfold. Here again was sex; it was the subject of much humor...at least as far as I could tell. Frankly, I didn't see the humor in some of them, and some

of them didn't make any sense to me at all. Some of the jokes I did get, years after that fact, when I had gained sexual experience. They would flash back to me as a connection was made in my mind. I recall being in my late teens and suddenly "getting it" about the one with the tag line, "I dunno. He just sits there in the corner, licking his eyebrows."

And then there were the cartoons; lots of them. They were one of the things that had immediate appeal. I had never seen such a wide range of styles, both in drawing and humor. Again, the subject was most often sex and/or nudity, and much of the amusement value was derived from knowledge that I didn't have yet. Like the jokes, I found many of the incomprehensible. I've discovered since that I was sometimes just exhibiting critical sense. Even without a fully developed critical faculty, I knew a lame joke when I saw it. But some of it was accessible; one would have to be blind not to find the strange humor of Gahan Wilson's grotesqueries, and Kurtzman and Elder's "Little Annie Fanny" was a regular treat. While much of the satire was sailing over my head, I could always recognize that this was making fun of the people and things that innocent Annie encountered. By the time I read **CANDIDE** years later, it was old hat.

At first, I looked steadily through the stack, just going over the cartoons and the pictures. But after I had gone

through all of them, I began to read other things. And there were plenty of other things to read. Articles on all manner of things beyond my limited world view. Some of these were clearly "guy things," cars, men's fashions, and football. Even disinterested as I was, I read them, simply because I read everything.

But there was material that wasn't clearly aimed at the young male consumer. There were interviews, sometimes with people I knew from the news, some I only heard of years later. And there was political news, far more detailed and far more critical than anything being presented on the evening news in these pre-Watergate days. When Watergate happened, I recall how unsurprised I was; my judgment of politicians had become far more critical than was usual for a small-town teenager, largely because I was reading something from beyond the middle-class pale.

And there was the fiction. I had read very little magazine fiction at the time. As neither SBC or garage sales were likely to bring about much cutting-edge fiction into my life, I knew nothing about any of the authors whose work was run in men's magazines. Much of it was dull to me then, though I would doggedly read through. But there was the occasional science fiction

Below: Young Kate enjoys her favorite pastime.





Above: Young Kate curls up with a good book and a warm bottle.

story, and these had a big impact. Robert Sheckley's "Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?" stands out in my mind, and Harlan Ellison's "Erotophobia." When I got more seriously interested in the genre, some years later, my reading was guided to some extent by those early readings, and the authors I had discovered there.

Of course, the two big slicks never went in for genre fiction or avant-garde cartooning to the extent of **KNIGHT** or **ROGUE** or **CAVALIER**. But they gave me a taste of what current cultural fashion was in a way that **READER'S DIGEST** never could.

I quit reading **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE** on a regular basis when my brother finally married and moved out in his mid-twenties. By then real boys and real sex had taken the place of my guilty pleasure. I didn't think about them again until the mid-seventies, when I first became exposed to organized feminism.

As a smart, bookish and rather gawky child, I hadn't really been under much pressure to fit into the standard category of "girl." I don't recall ever being told that I couldn't do something because it was something "for boys." In high school I followed my own inclinations as far as activities went. I joined the Chess Club, as I had learned to play at a very early age; it was a family passion. And there, in an organization of the supposedly intellectually elite. I first found out about sexism.

I was good enough to get to participate in a few tournaments, and things happened on a couple of these trips that were new, bewildering, and frustrating. The tournaments them-

selves brought me up against the attitude that girls weren't good at "logical" games like chess. And the bus trips taught me that girls involved with largely male organizations were likely to be the target of sexual remarks, speculations, and outright assaults. I did what most young women of that time did when faced with this kind of humiliation and hostility; I quit the chess club.

I didn't blame the boys who had participated in this behavior. It wasn't until several years later, in college, that I got the first inkling that this was wrong. I also began to get the message that a lot of things were wrong with the status of women in the world.

It was a bewildering time to be a young woman trying to be "liberated." The sexual revolution was in full swing (along with its dark side, disco), and to be sexually free was one sign of being "free." But there were the feminist cries against being a sex object and the plaything of men. The first contradictions were easiest to ignore: issues of basic equal rights in employment and treatment under the law took up most of the agenda at the time. So many of us teetered on that line, fighting for equality while distancing ourselves from "those crazy libbers" who did seemingly petty things like burning bras or protesting the Miss America pageant.

Real questions about the relationship of sexual material and feminism didn't arise for several more years. By the early eighties, when I was married

for the second time, many of the battles were, if not won, at least turning in favor of equality. The focus became more philosophical, and looked for what had caused the inequity in the first place. And **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE**, lumped in with "pornography" in general, were pointed out as exemplifying what was seen as one of the sources of evil... "objectification."

I became a passionate convert to the new way of thinking. It made sense, given the situation I was in. I had a supposedly "liberated" marriage, but it had problems. Lots of them, actually, but most noticeably that we were sexually incompatible. My husband's stack of **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE** became a bone of contention. It seemed that he would rather be sexually involved with the models there laid out for his delectation than with me...and it was true. The concept of "porn" working to undermine men's respect for women was much more attractive than saying my husband was a selfish jerk-off (as it were). In both men's and women's liberation groups, the issue was discussed passionately. The girlie magazines taught men about the desirability of a passive, non-demanding partner who existed for their pleasure alone, and could be even more desirable than a real woman whose needs they might have to consider. As the percentage of selfish and indifferent lovers was no lower in the liberation movements than anywhere else, it was an easy argument to make. And it made us all victims together, which was soothing. For the men who were supposedly liberated, and the women who associated with them, it was certainly easier to blame "acculturation" for the conflicts found in their bedrooms. Men weren't indifferent or selfish, they were culturally crippled...depraved on account of they were deprived...deprived of the view of women as equals in bed, whose needs were as important as their own.

While not even the most appealing intellectual excuse could save my marriage, the issues brought up in these wrangles led to the next stage of my evolution.

I became involved with a man who had drawn a sexually explicit comic book. Not mere nudity here; graphic depictions of nearly every kind of sexual activity were a large portion of the book. But we had a very happy relationship in bed. If porn alienated

men from women, how could this be? The answer, I (and a number of my sisters) found, was in the kind of material. Hard-core, explicit porn, that didn't involve the domination of women, showed women in an equal, active sexual role. It must just be porn that encouraged the thinking of women as passive objects that was bad. The kind that showed a woman posing alone, solely for the excitement of the male reader. Like, for instance, **PLAYBOY** and **PENTHOUSE**.

This was not the conventional feminist wisdom in the mid-eighties. Quite the contrary; the anti-porn movement within feminism was just rising to its fevered pitch. To support any explicit material was radical. This made the stand I took not only logical, but gave it a certain outlaw cachet. I broke off with my feminist connections, and plunged into my new role of porn proponent.

I began to write my partner's comic book, including the explicit sex scenes. This was how I wanted women portrayed; as active, equally interested participants in sexual relationships. Porn was now, in my mind, good for the status of women...always provided she was a full participant, and excluding the politically incorrect activities that might encourage violence.

The only use I had for my early experiences in reading these magazines was to make fun of them. Our heroine had been a centerfold for a magazine, and when we did a story about her photo layout, it was done as satire, spoofing the puerility of the quotes and information about the centerfold.

In the past few years, a growing group of people have become more interested in the vintage sexual material of our culture. Classic "good girl art," Pin-Ups, old loops and sex films...all are finding a new appreciation. As I've watched this trend progress, my thinking has been subtly altered yet again. It seems so...harmless.

Even the most explicit material of the past seems, as I look at it now, to have a flavor of innocence. Nudity and sex were naughty then, and exciting. The aesthetic pleasure of seeing beauti-

ful women (and rarely, men) naked and enjoying all manner of sexual contact was enhanced by the fact that it wasn't easily found, and had the thrill of the forbidden. The very things that made my brother's magazines such a delight to me. And I cannot find the harm done to me in being exposed directly to this forbidden fruit.

It didn't have a perceptible affect on my daily life, that I could see, to be reading material far beyond my years, and material agreed to be unsuitable for children. Whether or not the sexual content and its effect on my budding sexuality hurt me or not, I can't say. I was sexually precocious, and precociously bisexual, but to say that Penthouse "Forum" or the **PLAYBOY** "Sex In The Cinema" was responsible for this is too casual a link for me to draw. Being as totally innocent as I was



Above: Kate and her brother, Chuck.

then, I didn't know to be ashamed of my secret reading. The only tinge of the forbidden about it was that fact that the magazines weren't mine, and I was going to catch hell if anyone found me sneaking around with my brother's stuff.

One of the earliest feminist arguments against the girlie mags was that it warped the perception of both men and women when it came to body image. It was accepted that what men found desirable in fantasy was what they would demand in reality, and that women were being damaged by the unrealistic demands made on them to look "like a centerfold."

Certainly many women in our culture have been screwed up by their attempts to meet a standard of beauty and femininity that is not realistic in everyday life. But is that really the fault of these magazines? It seems to me that the girls who were "nice" and learned about femininity from accepted role models are the ones who have this problem. If the "**PLAYBOY** image" of women were the cause of this insecurity, it would seem logical that I, having seen these models directly, would have developed a massive inferiority complex and sought the full battery of means to meet that standard; dieting, surgery, endless hours devoted to the care of my hair, skin and figure.

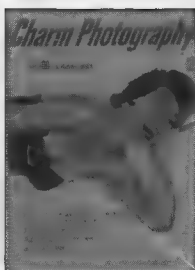
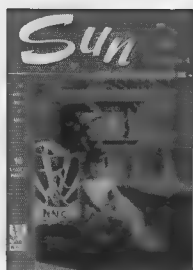
It didn't happen. And it didn't happen to a number of women I know. I know women of all shapes and cup sizes who are happy and fulfilled with

men who grew up hiding their precious stash of girlie mags under the bed. The more I see of good relationships, the less I think of the idea of "objectification" as it relates to overtly sexual material. Today I am far more offended by a half-naked woman being used to sell beer than I am if what she is selling is the sight of her body.

I think now that the magazines I read, the pictures that I saw, had a more positive impact on my feelings of comfort in my body and pride in my sexuality than anything else I can think of from that time of my life. I learned that women were beautiful, and desirable, and free to do as they pleased with their bodies. I also learned that there was a world beyond my

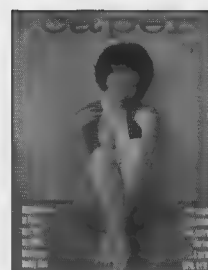
small town, ideas I wasn't hearing in my school, art beyond what was presented in **READER'S DIGEST**. And I feel the warmest nostalgia for those times in my brother's room. All of our experiences shape our personalities and our attitudes. If I feel pleasure with who I am now, surely I owe at least a small measure of it to Hef, and to Bob, and to my big brother...Who helped make me what I am.





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High Kicks on Route 66

by Susan Barrows

Experiencing the Mojave stretch of California's Route 66 is like opening up a half-forgotten old steamer trunk and being absorbed in the dusty-sweet essence of the past. It's as if the clocks ran down on the cusp of the Fifties and Sixties, and nobody saw the need to wind them up again. The Santa Fe Railroad line and the highway run parallel here for much of its run, and roadhouse tavern beer signs feature long-since-retired logos. Maybe it's this warm familiarity that makes the forbidding landscape seem almost welcoming. Separated and protected from the urban miasma of the Los Angeles basin by the ear-popping passes and steep grades of the rugged San Bernardino Mountains, the land here reflects raw-boned Nature in all its primal grandeur. At times it's an eerie moonscape of pale monoliths erupting from the earth like teeth, then suddenly it rolls out into the trademark sprawling, epic scrub country of mid-Sixties Russ Meyer films, with hazy blue mountains framing the shot in the distance. It is the very navel of nowhere, but the High Desert plateau is

deceptively desolate. Here and there, the countryside is dotted with the irregular emerald patches of ranches and homesteads, and quarterhorses graze in the sparse pastures. There are even those Angelenos who think this is not too far to go to get away from it all; few and far-between, small subdivisions of white-stucco, red-tile luxury homes seem to ripple in the dry heat. Their unnatural golf courses and lawns make them seem like mirages in the desert. In the case of one such development, called Silver Lake, a real oasis of illusion and mystery is a couple of miles north, on the aptly named Wild Road. It's on the right, you can't miss it — just keep your eyes peeled for the white stone lions glinting in the dusty sunshine. Drive right on in through the black filigreed wrought-iron gates that proclaim Exotic World in large lovingly-welded letters, and cruise down the long Lombardy poplar-lined drive, past the whitewashed pseudo-Greco-Roman sculptures on their tiled pedestals, to the best museum in the Western Hemisphere. Welcome, seekers. Welcome to Eden.

Exotic World stands as a time-capsule monument to the mythic feminine spirit and form, burlesque-style, and was begun a decade ago by renowned burlesque star Jennie Lee (whose career as "The Bazoom Girl" spanned four decades), and her singer husband Charles Arroyo. This unassuming ranch is a treasure-trove of tease, a phantasmagoria of stripper memorabilia dating from one end of the 20th Century to the other. Jennie Lee, ironically, was stricken with breast cancer before her work was finished. Her dear friend Dixie Evans came to

Left: Barrows at the Gates of Paradise. Above: Dixie Evans, Lady of the House. Right: Dixie in the 1950's, doing her "Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque" stage act.



help her and stayed on after Jennie passed away, taking up the mantle of the Keeper of the Flame and continuing their mutual dream.

Dressed in gleaming vestal-virgin white, Dixie Evans is every bit the High Priestess of the Art of the Striptease. When she took over the care of Exotic World, she took off her gold lamé evening gloves and pitched in like the classic trouper she is. She had packed the house as "The Marilyn Monroe of Burlesque" in the Fifties, and, as curator, Dixie is a fount of first-hand lore; fleeting traces of Marilyn from her act often bubble to the surface. Her platinum hair, the penciled beauty mark, and the Eve's-apple-red lipstick complete the illusion. Dixie is a madcap, fun-loving, happy, grandmotherly lady with a great sense of humor and a heart as big as the wild High Desert country, who sometimes seems to channel Marilyn Monroe. Perfectly. It's utterly charming and always startling to hear that breathy voice, so familiar by now it's imprinted in the collective RNA. Just for a second, it's possible to believe that Marilyn's tangled psyche worked itself out and is still alive and at peace with the world. But, no, it's not

Marilyn, but Dixie, laughing with a twinkle in her eye, already on to another terrific anecdote about her life, or about Jennie's, or telling one of the two-thousand-and-one fascinating stories about the lovelies in the framed 8x10 black&white publicity photos that cover the walls. The mention of a name unplugs a flood of trivia, history, and memories. Feel free to ask any questions. What's



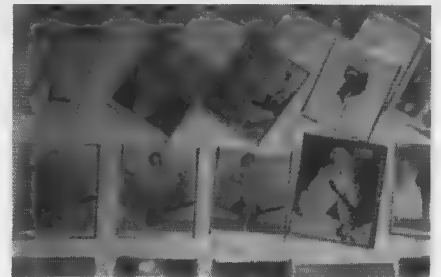
Candy Barr up to these days? What was Chesty Morgan's act like? Did stripper Patti Waggin really have the brunette-hair-with-bangs look before Bettie Page made it famous?

Exotic World is jam-packed with stories — so many, in fact, that the museum is bursting at the seams with them. It's a work in progress, ever-changing, and never the same way twice. New additions are constantly being built onto the museum building to accommodate the overflow, and still there's not enough room to display the entire collection. The main house holds the double living quarters for Dixie and Charles Arroyo, and while not part of the museum itself, it couldn't escape the inundation of nostalgia; the walls there are covered with signed photos and mementoes, many of them of Jennie Lee and Dixie, and some of Charlie himself, looking Desi-Arnaz-cool-by-way-of-Glenn-Ford. It's the kind of family photos you wish your in-laws had hanging in their rumpus room — a sentimental

Left: Strip-tease Queen Blaze Starr is well-represented in displays at Exotic World!

Above: See autographed photos from the greats and the near-greats.

Top: A ceiling-to-floor shrine to strippers.



reflection of lives lived gloriously, onstage and on the road, all tinsel and glamour and grit. The fireplace seems like a shrine, where a classy oil painting portrait of Jennie Lee, done in a Ralph William Williams style, hangs over the mantel, above a marble funerary urn containing her ashes. Her presence is so strong, you leave feeling as if you had actually met Jennie Lee in the flesh.

Jennie Lee's presence is strong, but Dixie is leaving her mark, too. Most of the museum's display area has been built since Dixie took the helm, and there is always new space to be filled. Her latest project (among many) is to arrange the vast collection of stills and costumes into a chronologically coherent array, with each room of the museum representing a successive decade in Burlesque. The things which are here may not be in their ultimate place, but they are choice. There is no hoity-toity elitism here — the entire gamut of the art is represented, from the stars of Burlesque like Lili St. Cyr and Lilly Christine the Cat Girl to the almost anonymous charms of the lesser-known girls. Sweetly naive in their big hair and enormous false eyelashes, the ladies sport stage names like Gee Whizz and Harlow Angel. Every one of them has been elevated to stardom, becoming a glittering thread in the tapestry of Burlesque. The Video Room beckons with classic archival footage of stage acts, giving you the impression that here the show is eternal, without end. But, Exotic World is not just a place full of pictures, you can also check out artifacts owned by some of the greats: See Sheri Champagne's fleshtone net bodysuit with strategically placed jeweled grape clusters! See Sally Rand's dancing shoes!

See Jayne Mansfield's loveseat!

Don't get the idea that Exotic World is only rooted in the past. It's also the home of the Exotic Dancers' League of America. With the League, Dixie puts in hours at the home computer acting as a clearinghouse of information for Burlesque performers, strippers, and dancers. She also is kept busy fielding requests from film companies and publishers. "TV shows call me when they want to have a stripper named such-and-such to make sure they won't get sued by a real-life girl with the same stage name," Dixie says, and cites a few examples. "Or sometimes it's a movie producer looking for some kind of background stuff about a particular performer, like with the movie BLAZE." She smiles. "It's good to be able to set the record straight." Then there is the annual Miss Exotic World Pageant, which is held every spring at the side of the Exotic World swimming pool. That old familiar backbeat echoes across the stark landscape, rhinestones flash in the incandescent sunlight, and fit, tanned flesh gleams as dancers from all across the country compete for the title. Each year's competition is videotaped and compiled in Exotic World's Diamonds

in the Desert series.

Dixie is ready to see Exotic World into the next century with the same feisty spirit that has seen her through a World War, a career turned upside down by the death of Marilyn Monroe, years of grueling roadtrips on the Burlesque circuit, and the loss of friends from days gone by. Back in the Sixties, it seemed that Burlesque was dead. Its resurrection in the Nineties would not have been possible without the efforts of those, like Dixie Evans and Jennie Lee and Charles Arroyo, who have cared enough to tend the flames at the hearth of sweet remembrance. Some wise person once said we never stop learning. Take that advice to heart. On your next vacation to Southern California, take the time to make a field trip to Exotic World. This is the kind of well-rounded education everybody needs.

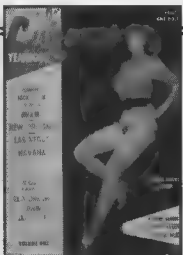


DIRECTIONS

From Victorville, California, take I-15 North. Take the D Street Exit and turn left (north) — this is National Trails, Route 66. Go 13 miles to Vista Rd. (look for the pizza place and the distinctive Exotic World sign) and turn left, then go 1 mile to the 4-way stop, Helendale Rd. Take a right on Helendale Rd. 1.5 miles, then right onto Wild Rd. Follow road around dogleg turn and look for the gates. Exotic World is ahead on your right.

For information about upcoming events, Diamonds in the Desert videos, memberships in the Exotic Dancers' League of America, or to set up a visit, call Dixie Evans at (619) 243-5261, or write her at: Exotic World, 29053 Wild Road, Helendale CA 92342.

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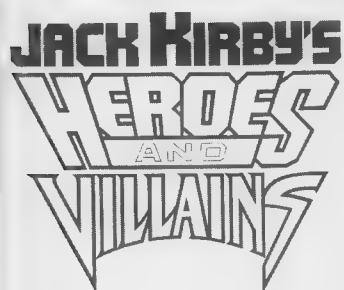
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HOT

Beauties AND COLD-BLOODED BEASTS

by Bill Feret

HOLLYWOOD HAS DISHED UP ALL KINDS OF LOVE STORIES, BUT THE STRANGEST MUST BE THE GIANT-LIZARD-LOVES-LADY VARIETY. TEASE! PRESENTS ITS COUNTDOWN OF SOME WILD ROMANCES THAT WERE DOOMED TO EXTINCTION FROM THE START!

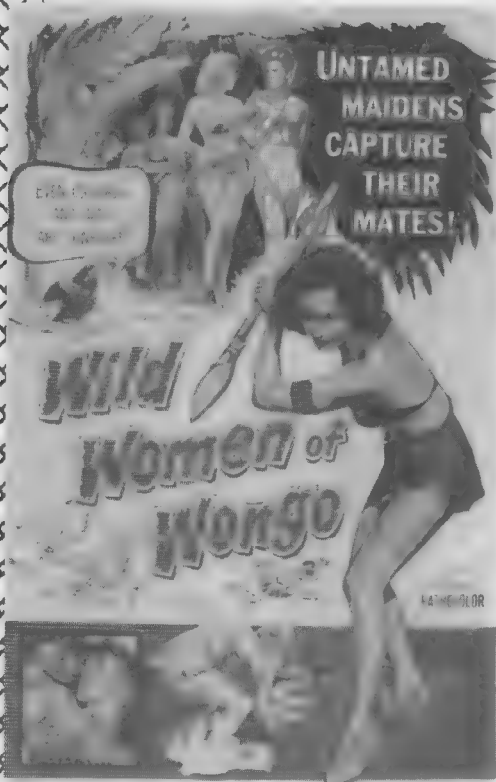


SINGLE green dinosaur, 1,689 lbs., 17' 6" King seeks attractive Queen for jungle excursions. Like running in the wilderness? Then I'm your reptile! Clean, killer smile, discreet T-Rex will meet you any time, any place. No smokers pls.

Though it's not historically correct, distressed damsels in prehistoric peril has been a proven formula for Hollywood producers for decades. The beauty and the beast theme always works. It's been done with big budgets and small, by creative geniuses and burned-out hacks. **TEASE!** is pleased to present a historical retrospective offering the worst and the best dino-desires-dame films!

11

WILD WOMEN OF WONGO



Above: Poster art for **WILD WOMEN OF WONGO** shows what *Prehistoric* is all about!

11—**WILD WOMEN OF WONGO** (1958). This film is as bad as the title would lead you to believe. It's a bizarre oddity (shot on a shoestring in Florida) that features a bevy of beautiful Cave Cuties led by Jean Hawkshaw. Cave life can be cruel, and our beauteous babes are mated with some ugly Neanderthals. Eventually, they come upon a tribe from Goona that has the equally bizarre arrangement of cave-hunks paired with some rough female material. Wife-swapping saves the day! Dino shots were doubled by a 36" alligator!

10

PREHISTORIC WOMEN



10—**PREHISTORIC WOMEN** (1950). A "B" classic! It features a tribe of lovely ladies in animal skins, led by the exotic Laurette Luez. This melodramatic melange was a soap-opera about the cave girls fighting for the affections of cave man Allan Nixon. Thrilling special effects include a seven-foot Neanderthal and a deadly Ptero-duck!

9

THE LOST WORLD

9—**THE LOST WORLD** (1960). This remake of Arthur Conan Doyle's novel was a major disappointment. All of the proper elements were there, but the budget restrictions reduced this to a



Production art from **LOST WORLD**.

"B" effort. Rubberized lizards chase lovely Jill St. John with little success. There is also a lovely cave girl played by Vitina Marcus, and she's seen all to infrequently during the plodding proceedings.

8

UNKNOWN ISLAND

8—**UNKNOWN ISLAND** (1948). A helicopter crash on a lost plateau turns female star, Virginia Grey, into beast bait. Her flaming red hair looked great in this Cinecolor cheapie, too bad the same can't be said for the dino. The effects consist of puppet work (strings showing, of course) and some man-in-suit-creations.



7

BURROUGHS TRILOGY

7—THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT (1975), AT THE EARTH'S CORE (1976), and THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT (1977). A three-for-one Edgar Rice Burroughs bonus! Too bad none of them are very good. Plastic models and dreadful man-in-suit saurians cost the films big points. At least Caroline Munro looked spectacular in EARTH'S CORE, while one-time David Bowie protegee Dana Gillespie excelled as Ajor, the cave girl in PEOPLE.



Top: Julie Ege in dino-days danger, from *PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT*.

Right: Starr and Bach in *CAVEMAN*.

6

PREHISTORIC WOMEN

6—PREHISTORIC WOMEN (1966). Fiery Martine Beswicke was cast as Kari, Amazon Queen of a race of rhino-worshipping rock-groupies. The ladies looked great, but the film was from hunger.

5

CAVEMAN

5—CAVEMAN (1981). This good-spirited cave comedy spoofed the whole genre. Starring Ringo Starr and the future Mrs. Starr, Barbara Bach, as the cave sexpot. Shelley Long, of CHEERS fame, appeared as a wholesome cave-girl-next-door type. The stop-motion dinosaurs are a delight.



4

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

5—ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (1940). Somewhere in the best and the worst line-up we find Hal (Our Gang) Roach's classic. One of the best known dino films, O.M.Y.B.C. influenced all entries that followed. Blonde and beautiful Carole Landis appears as the screen's first real cave-girl, and she fits the role to a T-Rex. On her arrival in Hollywood at the age of 18, Landis was proclaimed to have the "Best Legs in Town." These are displayed to good advantage throughout the movie.

The film was a skins-and-spears soap opera of life among the dinosaurs. Even though the "Big Guys" were long gone before man roamed the earth, the film has them romping in the same



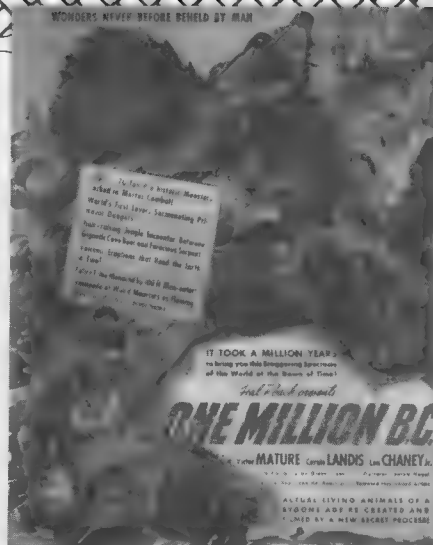
Carole Landis riding high in *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.*

primeval playground. Rubber-accessorized lizards were the heart of the reptile effects, and were more than modestly successful. This footage was reused in numerous films, and was fre-





Above: The lovely Caroline Munro added spice to Burroughs's *AT THE EARTH'S CORE*.



quently the **ONLY** special effects in films including: *TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY* (1943), *TWO LOST WORLDS* (1950), *UNTAMED WOMEN* (1952), *ROBOT MONSTER* (1953), *KING DINOSAUR* (1955), *TEENAGE CAVEMAN* (1958), *SHE-DEMONS* (with our favorite *SHEENA*, Irish McCalla, in 1958), and *VALLEY OF THE DRAGONS* (1961).



3

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

3—WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. (1970) This one starred the spectacular Victoria Vetri, a one-time **PLAYBOY** Playmate (as Andrea Dorian). Dinosaurs were provided by Jim Danforth, and are quite impressive.



2

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

2—ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (1965) was even better. Hammer Films produced the remake, and starred Raquel Welch. The poster that featured her in a doe-skin bikini was a smash success, and became a classic image of the 1960s. Miss Welch's *Loana* was a sight to behold. She claims that during the productions, her hide bikini got skimpier and skimpier. Must have been the humidity.

Superb special effects by Ray Harryhausen bring life to an army of dinos. Allosaurs, Pterodactyls and Archelons leaped off the screen.

Below: Welch in her famous pose.

Bottom: Danforth prepares Vetri for her next scene.





1

KING KONG

2—KING KONG (1933). The granddaddy of them all. Willis O'Brien's special effects for *THE LOST WORLD* (1925) were just a warm-up for KONG. They pulled out all of the stops and the result was a timeless classic. Fay Wray is at the height of her beauty, and it's easy to sympathize with the big ape who wants her.



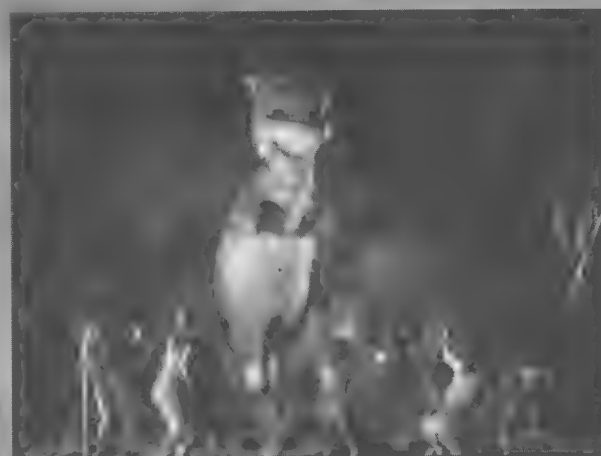
It doesn't matter if the budget is big or small, Hollywood will continue to produce movies packed with prehistoric peril and sexy starlets, just as long as there is an audience for them.



Any moment now, *DINOSAUR ISLAND* will continue the tradition when it's released direct-to-video. Directed by Fred Olen Ray and Jim Wynorski, the film is a tongue-in-cheek tribute to the cave epics that came before. The female element is provided by Antonia Dorian, Michelle Bauer, Griffen Drew, and Toni Naples as Queen Morganna, and they are a sight to behold. The special effects include footage from Roger Corman's *CARNOSAUR*, new stop-motion footage, life-size models, puppetry, and computerized images. The Great One (a.k.a. Rex, the Wonder Carnosaur) is joined by a *Deinonychus* on this uncharted island, lost in time.

An Army transport with an all-male contingent crash-lands on the prehistoric island that is peopled by gorgeous girls and hungry dinos.

Two versions of *DINOSAUR ISLAND* will be released— a wholesome PG version for television, and a more provocative entry, with some nudity, for the video market.



HEY FELLOWS

It's **SOMETHING WEIRD** VIDEO'S BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

SUN-BATHING MOVIES

SKYSCRAPER HEEL SHOES

WOW

UNINHIBITED

60's SEXPLOSION

of New Releases

Get ready for the largest onslaught of rare vintage sleaze cinema ever experienced by the American public! These new releases have never been released on video and are transferred directly from the original films by Something Weird video technicians.

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

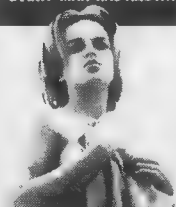
Rare David F. Friedman Films and Trailers Resurrected By Something Weird Video!

Here they are! The ones we've been waiting for! For the first time on video the cream of the crop of the films produced by the one and only mighty monarch of sexploitation!

#020 - A SMELL OF HONEY, A SWALLOW OF BRINE
1965 B&W

The story of a girl who turned men on, turned them off, and turned them inside out. Starring Stacey Walker as Sharon Winters, "the cunning young cannibal who devoured everything that fell into her soft, warm trap!"

a SMELL OF HONEY
a SWALLOW OF BRINE
AN ADULT EXPERIENCE



THE LAUGHING, LEERING, LAMPOONING LURES OF DAVID F. FRIEDMAN

Don't miss this 120-minute collection of Dave Friedman's best - his movie trailers! Transferred directly from Dave's own negatives, it's a titillating tabloid tallying the tantalizing, tacky taboo trailers that snared capacity audiences for two decades! As Dave's mentor Kroger Babb used to say, "sell the sizzle, not the steak!"

HEAD MISTRESS BRAND OF SHAME SPACE THING THAR SHE BLOWS MASTERPEICE THE RAMRODDER ADULT VERSION OF JEKYLL & HYDE THE SUCKERS EROTIC ADVENTURES OF ZORRO LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIGFREID DAUGHTER OF FANNY HILL THE BRICK DOLLHOUSE LOVE CAMP SEVEN TRADER HORNEE STARLET THE LUSTFUL TURK SWEET SICKNESS THE DEFILERS

#022 - Dave Friedman Trailers.....Only \$20.00

#021 - THE DEFILERS
1964 B&W

A shattering study of the shameless "sick set" for shock-proof adults! Introducing Mai Jansson "mouth-watering 20 year-old Scandinavian screen find as the virgin victim"

What Further Indignity Would She Suffer At The Hands Of

THE Defilers



twisted Sex

TRAILERS FROM THE SICK SICK SIXTIES



What a find! Over 120 adults-only trailers from the sixties that have never been on video! Thanks to the Sleuths of Sleaze at Something Weird, there's "no raincoat needed" to see these trailers from the raunchiest, sickest films that played the art houses, grndhouses and drive-ins on the seedy side of town! Some of this stuff was in such bad taste they wouldn't dare do it today! You'll be disgustingly aroused and delighted by titles like...IT'S A SICK, SICK, SICK WORLD - PLAYPEN GIRLS - ALL WOMEN ARE BAD - SOME LIKE IT VIOLENT - OLGA'S GIRLS - NUDE LAS VEGAS - HOT EROTIC DREAMS - THE DIARY OF KNOCKERS McCALLA - HOT SKIN AND COLD CASH - SEX CLUB INTERNATIONAL - PROFESSOR LUST - GUTTER GIRLS - IN HOT BLOOD - AND MANY MANY MORE!

#023, 024, 025 - TWISTED SEX TRAILERS

60's go-go chicks

IT'S A BLAST!



60's GO-GO CHICKS

If you miss the strip joints and go-go bars that were so prevalent in the 60's (and those wild gals who "let it all hang out" every night) you will love this compilation of the best go-go footage from that wacky bygone era GO MAN, GO! Running time approx. 90 minutes

THEY'RE UP FROM UNDER THE COUNTER AT LAST!

60's BIZARRO SEX LOOPS

Relatively tame by today's standards, these forbidden loops stretched the limits of the tastes of their viewers in the 60's and are both entertaining and hilarious to watch today. Great for parties or family get-togethers. "Kink-out" to such titles as. "Turned On Toes", "Maniac In The Bedroom", "Melinda, the Latex Maid", "I dreamed I Was A Captive Princess", "Where Is It?", "Rubber Lovers" and many more!

#026 - BIZARRO SEX LOOPS.....Only \$20.00

OH, DOCTOR!

HE EXPLORED MORE THAN THE MIND

THE STRANGE LOVES OF DR. SE

Featuring WILD ADVENTURES OF 16 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PATIENTS and THE MAD, MAD, MAD DOCTOR

WARM FLESH TONE COLOR

DON'T MISS THIS ONE! ADULTS ONLY!

OPEN DAILY 10:45a Continuous Until 3:30a



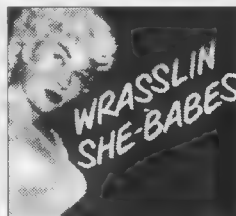
#028 - DR. SEX
1964 COLOR

You'll love this one! The "Twilight Zone" of nudie-cutie films! Talking poodles, a house haunted by naked women, strippers, and GIRLS - GIRLS - GIRLS!!! Directed by TV Mikels.

NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS

Curvacious cuties and bodacious bouncing babes reveal the utmost in feminine beauty in these spicy peep shows and arcade loops from the 40's, 50's and 60's.

WRASSLIN SHE-BABES



It's gorgeous gal vs. gorgeous gal in these all-out body slamming, hair pulling matches from the golden age of wrestling! See female wrestling legends Lilly Bitters, June Myers, Lorraine Johnson and many more. Two volumes, 90 minutes each

GRINDHOUSE FOLLIES



A comprehensive twelve volume collection of strip routines and naughty shorts from the 40's and 50's with titles like "H-Bomb", "Voodoo Virgin", "Sheba Wore No Nylons", "Follies Bergere", "Wimma Wamma Tease", "Bowery Strip", "Blonde Venus", "Tiger Girl", and many, many more! Each tape packed with over 90 minutes of bump-and-grind action!

Misc New Release Features...

#027 - WOMEN OF THE WORLD
1964 B&W

A Mondo Documentary by the director of *Mondo Cane*, this look at women around the world depicts various unusual customs and bizarre practices of the female homo sapiens.



#029 HOTTER AFTER DARK-67 BW - Nudie detective story shot in Florida. Beautifully bad, A masterpiece

#030 NAKED IN THE NIGHT-60 BW - Prostitution exposé.

#031 HELP WANTED FEMALE-68 BW nudie - May give you gals second thoughts about answering want ads

#032 SIN SYNDICATE - ZERO GIRLS-67 BW - Roberta Findlay girls-owned-by-mafia gem.

For ordering information, see page 20

RAWK.

A Cartoon Cuties Portfolio

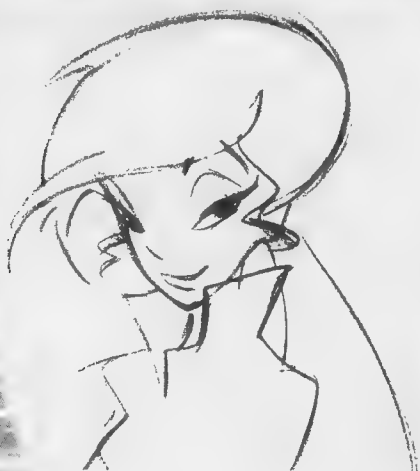
John Kricfalusi, the Master of Modern American Animation wraps up this issue with drawings from his sketchbooks. Because other people usually finish his work, this is a great opportunity to study the raw artwork. Enjoy a private peek into the mind of the King of Cartoons.



Jean Poole

Meet Jean Poole, super sexy scientist, and the only female member of the otherwise all he-man group of costumed heroes, THE RIPPING FRIENDS. It's John's latest project.











THE FINAL WORD

The first issue of **TEASE!** marks many changes in my life. The most obvious is a new direction for my publishing. The successful completion of the Bettie Page story (a.k.a. The Case of the Missing Pin-Up Queen) removed any reason for continuing **THE BETTY PAGES**, but the discoveries I made during the trip demanded a new outlet. **TEASE!** was born. I always thought of TBP as a hobby, but I'm quite serious about producing **TEASE!**. Over the past seven years I've done lots of other things to keep me away from publishing. Over the next decade, I'm focusing on producing two things: **TEASE!**, and **THE WHO'S WHO OF AMERICAN COMIC BOOKS**. Expect to see this magazine on a much more regular basis.

While we were putting this first issue together, both my Grandmother and my spiritual father, Jack Kirby died. Another sign that my life was changing and moving into a new cycle.

The signs of change are all around me.

And not just around me, they're around you, too. Can't you feel it? Look around you, and count the number of people who are going through a major change in their lives. My guess is that you know lots of folks who fit this description. What's causing this realignment of life? I could speculate, but you don't really need to know why we're changing. The important thing is to recognize what's happening, and go with the flow.

Lots of people will tell you how much modern times stink, but don't listen to them. That same old song and dance has been going on for thousands of years, and it will continue as long as there are whiners. The truth is, mankind is about ready for the next step up the evolutionary ladder. The dawn of the Superman is upon us.

I know that all of this sounds pretty wild, and you wonder why a girlie-book editor is talking in these terms.

Well, a long time ago I decided that if I had a captive audience, I wasn't going to let them get away before I planted a few seeds in their

heads. If you've liked what I've done in the past, and if what I say has any value to you, then I'd be a fool not to use that credibility. I'm going to use this golden opportunity to give you a pep talk.

The time is now. If you ever wanted to be better, then seize the moment. Nobody else can do the job. Your fate is in your hands. There's never been a better time to chase and catch your dreams. Decades like this only come around two or three times every hundred years, and we've just moved into one. It's up to you to remake the future.

This first issue is the result of lots of help from people who believe in the project. Aside from the credited contributors, a number of folks helped to complete this book, and I'd like to thank them now. Stills were provided by Movie Star News, The Kobal Collection, and Stanley Simon. This issue's models include Kym Ryder (our cover girl), and Beth Shachat (our first **TEASE!** Girl and "Palm Reader" model). Thanks also go out to my wife, Nancy, for lots of creative input, "hands on" computer work, and for picking up the slack at home. Speaking of computers, my thanks also go out to Peter Chin, Ethan, and Vance at MPC Computer Services. These friends made the production of this book a lot easier.

Next issue of **TEASE!** features a focus on the 1950s. Look for articles on Bunny Yeager, vintage exploitation paperbacks, a photo feature on Mickey Spillane's women, and an in-depth look at Pin-Up Master Gil Elvgren. Looks like it'll be another good one.

In the mean time, make another pass over this issue, tell a friend about it if you like it, and (with any luck) look for the next issue in July.

Thanks you for trying out **TEASE!** magazine; the best is yet to come!

In Gals We Trust,
Greg Theakston

THE ART OF OLIVIA

Portfolio of 4



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